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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A MARKET SCENE IN PONCE.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora after a Photograph by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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IT should not be forgotten that Governor TANNER is still at the head of the government of Illinois, and that he continues to neglect to enforce the laws and to protect the colored miners who have come from Alabama to work within the borders of his State. Riots have occurred at Pana within the week, and all that the Governor has seen fit to do has been to order the disarmament of all parties. Now it is clearly right for him to order the disarmament of the rioters, but it is not right for him to order the negroes to disarm, because they are simply defending themselves from the attacks which have been encouraged by his own attitude. It is a fact that nothing has been suggested in the way of Federal interference. Practically the Constitution of the United States, so far as it guarantees protection to citizens of the State of Alabama within the State of Illinois, is a dead letter.

TRUE bills of indictment have been found against Senator QUAY, his son RICHARD R. QUAY, former State-Treasurer BENJAMIN J. HAYWOOD, JOHN S. HOPKINS, and others, for what practically amounts to embezzlement of the funds of the State of Pennsylvania. The case against Senator QUAY has been set forth in these columns, and it is a very strong one presumptively. It is a disgrace to the State that such a man as he should be a Senator. Whether or not he is technically guilty of a crime which will land him in the penitentiary, he is in fact guilty of an offence against morality and propriety which would prevent a sensitive community from intrusting him with high office. But QUAY seems to own the Republican party of the State of Pennsylvania, and the Republican party owns the commonwealth. Those who are ashamed of a person like QUAY are in the minority; and if QUAY goes to prison as a just end to his public career, it will be the State of Pennsylvania, more than he, that ought to feel shame.

THERE is a newspaper rumor to the effect that Admiral SCHLEY is to have command of the European squadron which is said to be about to sail for the other side of the Atlantic for exhibition purposes. In other words, if the rumor be true, Admiral SCHLEY is to be presented to Europe as the naval hero of our war. Now, if the official reports of the Santiago campaign are true, Admiral SCHLEY is very far from being such a hero. Instead of being honored he should be punished. That the Navy Department believes that the official reports are true has been demonstrated by the fact that it published them in the newspapers, thus making Admiral SAMPSON'S presentation of the case its own. Nevertheless, in the face of this, President MCKINLEY and Secretary LONG have recommended Admiral SCHLEY for promotion, and it is now reported that they are going to further honor him by giving him this exhibition command. Will they kindly tell the country what they really believe in this matter with respect to Admiral SCHLEY? Have they misrepresented him in their official reports? or are they giving him unmerited honors, at the expense of other and better men, because they are afraid of public opinion—that is, the opinion of the yellow journals and the politicians of Maryland?

IT is evidently the intention of the Republican leaders of the State of New York to do their utmost to still further reduce the amount of home-rule of which the city of New York is possessed. This is not much, it is true, but what there is of it should be maintained, and we trust that Governor ROOSEVELT will not be led away, by his honest and strong desire for good government, to imagine that this end can be accomplished through the rule of the Republicans of the rural districts of New York. They have produced PLATT, ELLSWORTH, COGGESHALL, LOU PAYN, GEORGE ALDRIDGE, and all that crowd, and they have traded legislation with CROKER for mutual benefit and profit. They are no more to be trusted than are the Democrats of New York city; and the police should be left under the charge of the latter, because the citizens of New York who are injured by bad police government can punish Tammany Hall, but never the Republican party of the rural districts. If it had not been for the power of the citizens of the metropolis to punish a local government on account of police wrongs and police scandals, Mayor STRONG would not have been at the head of the city government, and Mr. ROOSEVELT would not have been on the police commission. It was the revolt of the city that gave us decent police administration under him; but no revolt of the city will ever be able to improve police matters if the force is ruled from Albany.

THE race difficulties in the South and in Illinois continue to be discussed in the newspapers, but there are signs of a gradual loss of public interest in the question, which is so characteristic of the American people, and upon which Mr. MCKINLEY is said to have relied as the best defence that Mr. ALGER had. The negroes in New York have held a mass-meeting, and this meeting has been followed by others in different parts of the country. The negroes, at all events, are not losing interest in the matter, because their welfare, and even their lives, depend upon a proper settlement of the question. Notwithstanding the fact that the government owes it to itself and to its citizens to enforce the law, we do not see how the question can be finally settled without the aid of the negroes themselves; and upon this point Mr. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON and Mr. JOHN C. DARCY have given their race excellent advice. It is, in effect, that they refrain from pushing forward into politics, and from demanding public positions—in other words, from doing those things which alone seem to arouse the enmity of the whites, who are determined that this shall be a "white man's government." The negroes, by refusing to become spoils politicians, will not be guilty of an act of cowardice, but will be doing an act of tactfulness, which is demanded of them in view of the great blessing which the whites have given them—that is, the blessing of freedom. It is well for them also to remember that the part they play in politics is not important to the development of their race, but that it is imposed upon them for the advantage of white politicians whose success and position in politics depend upon the negro vote. Let them consult their own interests, and they will grow gradually, until the race is competent to fill that position in the community which the laws contemplate that it should hold. We are not advocating any laxness upon the part of the government in the execution of the laws for the protection of its citizens; but we are sure that the negro race itself can be greatly benefited by the self-restraint which is recommended by Mr. WASHINGTON and Mr. DARCY.

THE investigation by the commission appointed by the President to inquire into army administration is of a peculiar character. Now that the commission is in New York, it is evident that most of its members consider themselves as counsel for the defendant—that is, for the army administration. Governor WOODBURY of Vermont and Commander SEXTON are the chief offenders in this respect. Instead of trying to discover the truth, they cross-examine witnesses in the interests of the particular branch of the service attacked. They are especially fond of annoying women witnesses who are evidently telling the truth about the horrors they saw at Montauk. They are described in the newspapers as "ironical" and "sarcastic" and "insinuating." Why were these gentlemen appointed? Was it for the purpose of defending the administration, or for the purpose of ascertaining the truth? Notwithstanding their efforts to conceal the truth, however, facts are coming to light that bear out the newspaper reports of the horrible condition of affairs at Santiago and at Montauk. General BRECKINRIDGE, General GREENE, General SANGER, and other witnesses—among them good women who worked at Montauk—have testified to facts that seriously reflect upon army administration, and, among other things, make it apparent that the Santiago campaign was badly managed from the beginning. It is clear now that General SHAFTER should not have commanded even a division or a brigade in that campaign, and that much of the suffering was due to his indifference and general incompetency. It is clear that the administration broke up the staff corps, taking away from them their experienced officers; that the quartermaster's department was incompetent; that the medical department was insufficient; and that every staff corps, from highest to lowest, was a failure. Some of the reports of the heads of departments are confirming all that has been said about the mismanagement of affairs. Surgeon-General STERNBERG'S report, for example, excuses the medical department for the evils the existence of which the investigating commission seems eager to deny.

MR. ROOSEVELT has once more earned the gratitude of the country, this time by his testimony before the war-investigating committee. His is really the first testimony of the first importance, when the character and official position of the witness are considered, which bears the mark of absolute frankness and thorough information. Was there ever such a picture of imbecility and incompetency as that presented in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S testimony? Troops without proper equipments; a congested state of affairs on the railroad to Tampa; the utter chaos at that noxious camp; lack of transportation and lack of proper food; utter confusion at Port Tampa; the Rough Riders seizing a transport and holding it, in consequence of the failure of the commanding general or his quartermaster to designate the steamers for the various regiments; total disregard of the comfort of the soldiers; a wicked lack of medical supplies and attendance on the field of battle; Lieutenant-Colonel ROOSEVELT buying necessary food for his men; regulations which permitted officers to have fresh vegetables and refused them to the rank and file; lack of discipline on board the transports; entire absence of military command over the same transports; and the failure to land half the supplies that were on the ships—all these and much more were related by Mr. ROOSEVELT in detail, and probably to the confusion of the attorneys for the defendant who are masquerading as investigators. When to these is added the lack of proper weapons and smokeless powder—the smoke from the black powder resulting in an undue loss of life by our troops, who exposed their position every time they fired at the enemy—we have a state of affairs which proves beyond peradventure that the expedition from Tampa was badly organized, incompetently commanded, and that under the conditions which prevailed it should not have gone to Cuba at that time. All this is not useless scolding over things of the past. The condition of affairs that prevailed in this expedition should be known, and the responsibility for it should be fixed, for the sake of the country in the future. And now let General MILES speak on this subject with the frankness and the fairness which characterize the testimony of Mr. ROOSEVELT. He is the soldier at the head of the army. The country has confidence in his military capacity, and it ought to have the benefit of his experience and his opinions as to the character of the expedition, of which we know he did not approve.

THE DECISION AT PARIS.

THE settlement of the Philippine question rests with the Senate. The administration has done its part, and its commissioners in Paris have insisted that the archipelago shall be ceded to the United States, we, in turn, agreeing to pay $20,000,000 to Spain for these possessions. A year ago we would not have taken them as a gift. A year ago, practically the whole nation would have resented the suggestion that we should imperil our own institutions and should plunge into the midst of the dangers of war which becloud the Asiatic horizon, because of some fancied duties owing to alien and savage peoples. No one in the full possession of his reasoning faculties can believe in this bathos if he looks at the question calmly and is free from the moral and sentimental fog with which the subject has been surrounded by those who are bent on expansion for the mere sake of expansion, and those with whom sentimental considerations are more controlling than we think they ought to be when the welfare of the country is in issue. And yet it is probably true that the fustian about our duties to the Tagals, Nigretos, Malays, and Filipinos will carry the day if it is to be carried at all. We, the people at home, are not to be considered. The fact that we are to be in danger from this increase in our alien population is to be of no account in the minds and fancies of the politicians. No expansionist has undertaken to answer the real question involved. In other words, the administration is prepared to take the fearful chances. Victory, in its view, has imposed upon us a fearful burden and immense responsibilities, which Mr. MCKINLEY has not only smilingly assumed, but for the bearing of which he has "generously" agreed to pay to Spain $20,000,000 of the money of the tax-payers. This duty that we owe the savages is said to arise from the cruelty of Spanish

rule. We are to relieve them from that rule, although it is perfectly well known that not one-tenth of the people of the Philippines, outside of Luzon and perhaps Mindanao, ever felt the weight of Spain's little finger or even knew of her existence. Why is not the administration frank in dealing with the country? Surely it is not so unintelligent as to believe in this poor delusion about duties, which would not have existed if DEWEY had properly sailed away from Manila after he had performed his task of destroying Spanish naval power in the Pacific. Surely it knows that a victor cannot be forced, morally or otherwise, to assume dangerous burdens in consequence of his victories. Is there not statesmanship enough within the range of the President's political friendships to settle this question without throwing over the Declaration of Independence, and without acting the untruth that popular government is in its dotage? But we are face to face with the treaty. The administration has in this treaty begun the most dangerous assault upon free institutions that has ever been made in the country, more dangerous than the assault of the slave power, because if it succeeds it is likely to be more enduring in its consequences than the earlier attack could have been. That it will not itself succeed eventually will be due to the vitality of democratic institutions, which will struggle against and finally overcome this attempt to transform the republic into an absolute and necessarily an unjust, ruler over alien and unwilling peoples. But the virtue of democratic institutions does not rob this attack upon them of its character.

We must depend now upon the Senate, and we are sure, from what we know of the real sentiments of the best Republicans in that body, that a treaty containing a provision to assume the Philippines would not be ratified if the vote were taken to-day. It is to be hoped, in the interest of the whole country, whose domestic problems demand all its attention, and all its political sense and courage, that this attitude of the Senate will not change, and to this end we hope that the petitions prepared by the Anti-Imperialist Society, of which ex-Secretary of the Treasury GEORGE S. BOUTWELL is president, will be signed by the hundreds of thousands.

Coupled with the demand for the islands which was made by the commissioners is a certain ambiguous promise that we shall maintain the "open door" in the Philippines. We are inclined to think that the promise means nothing, especially in view of the limitations of the demand itself. From that proposition we judge that the commission's idea of the "open door" is that it will be maintained by the admission of Spanish ships to the islands on the same terms on which American ships are admitted, and this only for a definite term of years. This may be a promise of an "open door," but it would be better described as a promise to keep the door ajar. What does the "open door" mean? It means that trade with the islands shall be absolutely free, and that the merchants of all countries shall have the same trade privileges in the Philippines as the Americans enjoy. This, however, is absolutely impossible with our present tariff system. If the treaty that is contemplated by the administration be ratified, the Philippines will be part of the United States. The Constitution provides that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." If there is to be an "open door" maintained in the Philippines, therefore, the protective policy must be abandoned for the whole country. We must have free trade everywhere. We cannot protect the cotton and woollen manufacturers of New England and Georgia, the iron and steel masters of Pennsylvania and Alabama, the sugar-growers of Hawaii, Louisiana, and Nebraska, the tobacco of Puerto Rico, Connecticut, and Virginia, and refuse all protection to the Philippines. For ourselves, we are not alarmed by the prospect; but the protected manufacturers of New England evidently are alarmed, and the Home Market Club has made its protest, and has called upon the working-man, its traditional favorite, whose succor is always in demand when the manufacturer is in danger, to lift up his voice against the prospective inroads of cheap labor from Asia.

We are inclined, however, to think that the administration has no idea of opening the door in the sense that the open door is understood in England, and it has shown this by its action with reference to trade with Puerto Rico. It believes in the maintenance of its mediæval policy on this side of the water. While the American and Canadian commissioners are discussing reciprocity in Washington, Mr. McKINLEY violently slams the door of Puerto Rico in the face of the world by declaring that our barbarous navigation laws apply to the island; that between us and it trade must be carried on in American bottoms; that foreign vessels can only touch at one point in the island during a voyage—and all the rest of it. Mr. McKINLEY and those who agree with him have learned nothing from the colonial histories of the world. They seem not to know that this policy of theirs cost England the United States; that it makes the colonies of France and Germany enormous burdens on the mother-country; that it has finally stripped Spain of all her valuable possessions. These navigation laws applied to Puerto Rico are especially injurious to Canada and England, and some of our ill-informed English friends are now learning that we are not likely to have at once an enlightened colonial policy, or one that will be of immediate advantage to British commerce. Eventually, of course, expansion will compel free trade. Protection and colonial government do not go together. The history of the world has proved this to the intelligent economist, but we are likely to be obliged to learn the lesson over again by hard and bitter experience. In the mean time, however, there can be no "open door" in the Philippines after the islands are annexed. That cannot be until we are prepared to open the door everywhere, for the Constitution forbids.

A POLICY OF "NAGGING."

IN his London letter this week, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE gives a very clear view of the straits to which the French Republic has been reduced by pursuing towards England a policy of nagging. In respect to Germany, the policy of the French republic may be said to have been continuously a policy of pouting. The latest and most striking illustration of this policy was given when France, heavily burdened, as she confessedly is by her armament, refused to consider, even at the request of the Czar, the expediency of lightening it while the *status quo* prevailed in Alsace and Lorraine, and openly grumbled at the avowed indisposition of her great and good friend to maintain his crushing armament for the sake of redressing her grievances. But Germany is so near, so imminent, that France has not ventured to convert her policy of passive pouting into a policy of active nagging in respect to Germany. She has taken a vicarious revenge upon the hereditary foe, and has nagged perfidious Albion with increasing frequency and point ever since England went in alone, after France had declined to go in with her, to do some very needful house-cleaning in Egypt.

The house-cleaning has been done, to use a slang phrase of particular applicability, "to the Queen's taste." Egypt has never been anything like so well governed as it is now since the exodus of Moses. But France, by at least her noisiest organs, refuses to recognize, in the great and beneficent work that has been done, anything of greatness, anything of beneficence, anything but a new grievance and a new illustration of the perfidy and greed of a greedy and perfidious race. The force of nagging could not go much further than the planting of a party of "nine or ten fortuitous Frenchmen," as the London *Times* calls MARCHAND'S party, across the line of the conquering and civilizing British army, with the pretension of arresting its advance.

This has been too much for the British apathy, upon which the naggers have thus far successfully relied. That apathy has been so completely dispelled that Great Britain seems to have determined that the state of preparedness—at first forced upon her by the attitude of France over the trivial affair of Fashoda—shall be maintained until not only that question, but all other outstanding questions are settled. She is determined, it seems, that they shall be settled in such a way as shall put a stop, once for all, to French nagging in every quarter of the globe.

Whoever has watched the course of European politics for the last decade will not be inclined to blame England for this situation. She has pursued her own ends with energy, no doubt, but they were real and important ends. Her objects, as Lord SALISBURY said when KITCHENER'S expedition was despatched, "are strictly business." It cannot be said that her policy has in any particular been shaped by a desire to annoy any other nation. On the other hand, it has been truly said that the policy of France has not only been shaped in many particulars for the purpose of annoying England, but that the fact that a given line of policy would annoy England has sufficed to make it, if not popular in France, at least acceptable to a large and vocal number of Frenchmen. England has now been wrought up to the point of challenging France, if she has any grievances, to come out and redress them. That is, in effect, what Lord SALISBURY has said in his very guarded and diplomatic way. That is what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the *enfant terrible* of the British cabinet, has blurted out in his entirely undiplomatic way. France, thus challenged, contents herself with pointing out what harm Russia could do to England in the event of war. This is not a very dignified posture for a nation which once, and for centuries, held the leadership of Europe. But it is a natural enough consequence of the policy of persistently nagging a foreign power in order to avert attention from domestic scandals. Meanwhile it will be interesting to watch Great Britain's conduct in case the French undertake to re-enforce their colonies in the East.

THE JUBILEE OF FRANCIS JOSEPH.

FEW monarchs have been so sorely smitten as FRANCIS JOSEPH. Since he came to the throne, fifty years ago, a mere boy of eighteen, there has hardly been a year without its public or private sorrow. His brother MAXIMILIAN found an untimely grave in Mexico, murdered by the men whom he had hoped to rule. His only son died a tragical and mysterious death less than ten years ago. His wife was assassinated last September by an Italian anarchist. Little but misfortune has marked the outward history of the Dual Monarchy under his charge. The Hungarian revolt was a fitting prelude to a reign of continued disturbance. Twice the Emperor has been forced at the sword's point into a humiliating peace. Solferino and Sadowa destroyed, so far as one can see, forever the Austrian dominion in Italy and the German Confederation. Hardly less disastrous to the stability of the realm of the HABSBURGS have been the ceaseless jars of race with race—the vicious conflicts of German, Czech, and Magyar—which seem now to have passed beyond the healing stage, and to threaten the disruption of the empire possibly even in the lifetime of its patient and persuasive ruler.

It is the rarest kind of tribute to personal worth that FRANCIS JOSEPH should stand out after these fifty troublous years as the one point of agreement that is common to all his peoples. Much of his authority is due to the great tragedies of his life; much also to the racial wranglings and cliques that by a process of exhaustion have lifted the monarchy above party politics into a position of determinating influence; but more to the character of the Emperor himself. It was many years before the real nature of that character could make itself known. Education and surroundings had made FRANCIS JOSEPH a bigot and an autocrat. The collapse of the Hungarian revolt was followed by ten years of pitiless reaction. The Church and the army were summoned to make German authority, the German language, and the German bureaucracy paramount among 30,000,000 aliens of Slav, Ural-Altaic, and Latin extraction. Such an attempt spelt absolutism in its crudest form. The Austrian Empire of forty years ago was in all its essentials a mediæval state.

The change came when, as a result of the French and Prussian wars, constitutionalism took the place of autocracy and the "principle of nationality" was partly admitted. Her old rights of self-government were restored to Hungary, and the Austrian Empire converted into the Dual Monarchy. The great sacrifice once made, other reforms came more easily. Austria has grown towards liberalism since 1860 with a rapidity that no other country has equalled. True, its liberalism is oftentimes somewhat specious, but at least the fundamental liberties have been secured. The ideas and policy of METTERNICH are dead and gone. The serf is no longer subject to the lord, and the lord no longer exempt from taxation and military service. Freedom of speech and pen and public meeting is now the possession of every Austrian. The guilds that oppressed and restricted commerce have been removed. Trial by jury has become the law of the land. The suffrage is all but universal, though the system of "representation by classes" really keeps the power in the hands of the nobility, landed gentry, and merchants. For all these reforms, even though racial antagonisms have made some of them practically worthless in operation, the Emperor must be credited. It is he who suggests legislation, makes and unmakes ministries, and directs their policy.

One change the Emperor has not been able to effect. The struggle of the Czechs for home-rule in Bohemia is possibly more bitter to-day than it ever has been. It is a counterpart of the Irish struggle, accentuated by a difference not only of race, but of language. The fever for autonomy has spread over the whole of the Austrian half of the monarchy, and Czechs, Poles, Slovenes, and Italians are each pulling away from German ascendency, and clamoring for such independence as Hungary won in 1860. The dangers of the situation are enormous, and even the Emperor's patient wisdom and conspicuous straightforwardness have been unable to remove them.

FROM "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS," NOW PLAYING AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Miss Ada Rehan's first appearance as Portia.

THE production of "The Merchant of Venice," with which Mr. Augustin Daly opens the thirtieth season of his management in New York and the twentieth season at his present theatre, may be regarded as the chief Shakesperean event of the year. Mr. Daly is the most scholarly of American managers—the only one of any real scholarship; and "The Merchant," one of the best three or four of Shakspere's comedies, has not heretofore been acted on his stage. The production is especially notable for the fact that it has given Miss Ada Rehan an opportunity to add an important character to the brilliant series of her triumphs as an interpreter of our ancient comedies. One may be permitted to question whether the spirit of Miss Rehan's impersonation is in full sympathy with the distinct yet impalpable sweetness that is always a part of Shakspere's more charming heroines. It is certain that she has succeeded best in such parts as lie in the range between *Peggy Thrift* and *Katherine*. I confess that I had a doubt as to whether—mirthful or commanding as she has always been at will—she was capable of the gracious dignity of *Portia's* spirit; but I mention the doubt merely to confess its complete solution. Mr. Daly's admirable schooling has made her first of all a master of the technique of expression. Throughout, Miss Rehan was mistress of the part. She passed from the lighter to the graver shadings with a certainty of effect that left little to be desired; and she uttered her lines, noble and charming at times as few others in Shakspere, with the correctness, flexibility, and justness of rhythm that have always marked her delivery. Her great triumph was, as it should have been, in her most difficult passage—the "quality of mercy" lines, that are capable of being so wretchedly and so magnificently read. Miss Rehan was more than magnificent. The climax of the description of mercy—"It is an attribute to God himself"—had a reverential majesty that has never, to my knowledge, been given it on the stage. The effect was doubtless the consummation of intelligent reading; but for the moment it was as if some majestic priest were speaking from the chancel of a cathedral.

Old Comedy and Modern Tragedy.

In attempting *Shylock* an actor has to cope with a problem as to æsthetic values that has not as yet been more than half answered. The history of the old plot to which Shakspere gave enduring form in "The Merchant," together with the known literary and social influences of Elizabethan England, make it little short of certain that *Shylock* was not in Shakspere's time, as he is now often regarded, the venerable martyr of a hated and downtrodden race. The attitude of Elizabethan England toward the Jew was not unlike the attitude of modern Russia; and indication is not lacking that *Shylock's* fate in the trial scene was regarded as highly satisfactory and delightful. The earliest performance of the part of which we have adequate record—Lansdowne's version (1701–1741)—makes it almost purely comic. That Shakspere and his company represented the part as comic is not likely; yet it is much more likely than that they presented it in a spirit of nineteenth-century humanity. It is probable that, like *Caliban*, *Shylock* was conceived in that mingling of comic and tragic moods, so incomprehensible to-day, which is to be seen most obviously in mediæval grotesques.

Mr. Sidney Herbert as Shylock.

What, then, is the problem that confronted Mr. Daly and Mr. Sidney Herbert? Manifestly to preserve as much of the Shaksperean element as a modern audience will approve. Traditionally the part has had many touches of the grotesque. "I believe," writes Edwin Booth, "that Burbage, Macklin, Cooke, and Kean (as did my father) made *Shylock* what is technically termed a 'character part'—grotesque in 'make-up' and general treatment." The sentimentally humane construction of this part, making

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MAY IRWIN,

Now playing in "Kate Kip, Buyer," at the Bijou Theatre, New York.

Shylock an avenging and a martyred prophet, which was originated I believe by Macready, Mr. Booth attempted, and discarded in favor of an interpretation in which the grotesque attributes were consciously more pronounced, he says, than in the renderings of the predecessors he names. Among later actors, Irving and Mansfield have dealt freely in the grotesque: for example, when *Shylock* returns to find his house plundered and his daughter flown, they make the crowd of masquers rush upon the stage and surround him, jeering. The tragedy of his anguish is thus expressed to the audience by means of a truly Elizabethan delight in the trick that has been played on him. Mr. Daly's production discards this "business" of the masquers. Again, when *Shylock* says of Leah's ring, "I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys," Irving and Mansfield suit their delivery to the grotesqueness of the phrase, and provoke laughter, as no doubt Burbage and the rest did before them. Mr. Herbert carefully avoids the laugh. In the trial scene, where *Shylock* whets his knife on the sole of his shoe, even Booth tried to make the passage serious; but he acknowledged that it was almost impossible to carry out the spirit of the lines and do so, and there are plenty of indications that Shakspere meant the passage as an out-and-out grotesque, the least important of which is *Gratiano's* pun about *Shylock's* soul. Throughout the trial scene *Gratiano* is used, in a manner familiar to any playwright, to point out to the audience the most delightful strokes of the Jew's fate. Mr. Herbert is so chary of his sole-leather that the effect of the business is quite lost, and the reserve with which he renders the whole scene throws the fat of *Gratiano's* part into the fire. Finally, where *Shylock* totters from the stage, after having been forced to become a Christian, Mr. Mansfield has added (I believe the credit is his) a very striking bit of grotesque business. He makes *Shylock* appeal for physical support to a bunch of tribesmen with Jewish beards and false noses, and makes the tribesmen shrink from him with groans and jeers. Mr. Daly has discarded this, as he did the similar business of the masquers in the second act. In a word, Mr. Herbert's *Shylock* is the predominantly tragic *Shylock* of Macready's sentimental whitewashing. Remote as this is from Shakspere's comedy of "The Merchant," it is capable, I suppose, of being made highly dignified and appealing before an audience sympathetic to the Jewish race. In Mr. Herbert's rendering I could not see that it was so made; it was overacted and under-vitalized. The only glimpse I had of an artistic intention was in the shadings of expression in his face. These were always interesting, and sometimes effective. Once or twice there was a touch of true tragedy.

A Problem in Staging Shakspere.

A curious result of this nineteenth-century conception of the play is that it redoubles the difficulty of adapting it to the requirements of our stage. The stage of our ancestors, to begin with, had the merest suggestions of scenery; the slightest hint of external locality, sometimes perhaps even a sign-board, served to indicate the surroundings; the details were filled in by the imaginations of the auditors, aided by the descriptive passages in the dialogue. It followed that the scene could be changed at will, and without the loss of an instant. When the settings are as elaborate as Mr. Daly's, it follows that in order to avoid inordinate expense, and especially in order to avoid the chilling delays caused by shifting the settings, the action has to be digested into a few vital scenes. Thus much we are used to in all Shakspere adaptations; but when *Shylock* is made to dominate "The Merchant" as a purely tragic figure, the interest in the play as a drama ceases at the end of the fourth act, when *Shylock* leaves the stage. We are nevertheless asked to wait and wait while the elaborate setting of *Portia's* garden is preparing; and when the curtain rings up, nothing transpires except the little farce-comedy of the rings, and the lines describing *Portia's* garden. The farce-comedy is neither necessary to the action of the tragedy of "The Merchant," nor is it particularly amusing. The descriptive passages are

redundant, because their purport has already been presented at a glance by the scene-painter.

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!...
> Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
> There's not the smallest orb, that thou beholdest,
> But in his motion like an angel sings.

The moon is necessarily at the back of the stage, and Heaven itself could not say how its rays fall on the bench around the corner upon which *Jessica* sits. As for the choiring of the "patines of bright gold," one thinks only of the stars pricked in the canvas heaven. Those wonderful lines have about as much pertinence to the scene as the childish inscription, "This is a horse"; and any sensible man would put on his coat at the end of the fourth act and go home to read them unhampered in his study.

The solution of the problem of stagecraft here presented is one of the innumerable triumphs of the Burgtheater of Vienna. The fifth act is there mainly composed of the trial scene; when this is over, a quick change of setting shows an unobtrusive presentation of *Portia's* garden, and the brief three hundred lines that compose all of Mr. Daly's last act afford a striking and exquisite close. In this way, and in this way only, the scene at Belmont may be given the semblance of constructive pertinence to what is nowadays made the main action of the play.

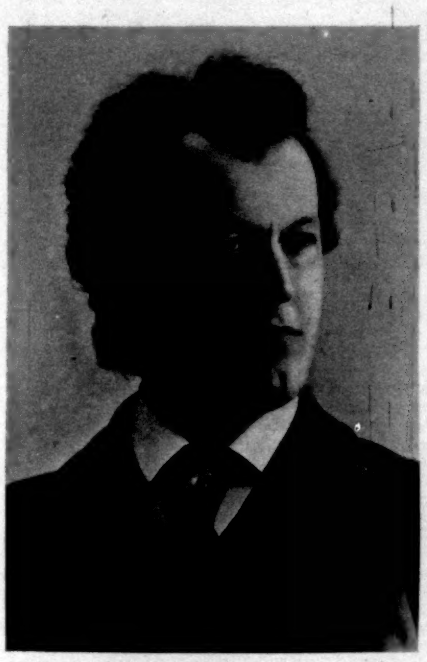
I mean no indignity to Mr. Daly's setting; it is all too beautiful. Mr. Hoyt's scene before *Shylock's* house is wonderfully splendid and real. The black cat is very real—the harmless but perhaps not necessary cat that scurries along a coping at the back of the stage. Or perhaps the cat is a necessary cat, and an omen of *Shylock's* coming fate! That would be tragic indeed. Mr. L. W. Seavey's Judgment Hall is very sombre and beautiful, and Mr. Walter Hann's "gardens of *Portia*" are good enough to distract attention from Shakspere's lines. In short, they are all too good to be Shakspere. And let us say the same of the actors in Mr. Daly's company. I except only Mr. William Owen, who was as Shakspearean as his inconsiderable part of *Gobbo* permitted. JOHN CORBIN.

Of Cause and Effect.

VOLTAIRE, in his "Candide," that sprightly satire not for the Young Person, permits his hero's mentor to remark during a lull in their misfortunes: "Take all this, my boy, as a friendly chain of events in the best of all possible worlds! For, if you hadn't been kicked out of your fine castle for loving Mademoiselle Kunegund—hadn't been thrown into the Inquisition—hadn't run the Baron through the body, and hadn't lost all your precious El Dorado sheep—why, you wouldn't be here eating preserved citron and pistache-nuts." To which Candide answers with exceeding wisdom: "Excellently reasoned out! But all the same, let us take good care of our fruit-garden."

Exit "The New York Orchestra."

More than average insight into the balance between active and passive would be required to decide what has been the most robust throb of good luck or ill luck, the sharpest change in affairs, in the tale of what a month ago was "The New York Orchestra," to-day "The Paur Orchestra." Earlier circumstances bringing to town its conductor were complex, and not all either cheerful or wise. Atop of them came a début of the new symphony-band to fix the notice of the city's connoisseurs on it.

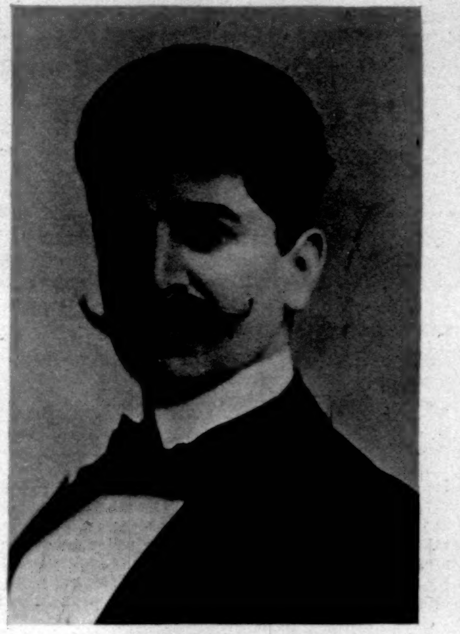


LEO SCHULZ,
Violoncellist of "The Paur Orchestra."

Next ensued the total shipwreck of its manager, the abandonment of the Astoria Concerts, the Orchestra's consequent peril, a swift search for a new manager and private support, the finding of both, then a new name and new outset. Such goings on mean a wonderful knack at making history for itself on the part of even the most alert and enterprising orchestra existing.

Enter "The Paur Orchestra."

The main and best sequel, however, is that, Mr. Victor Thrane having courageously undertaken the new orchestra's further career, it makes a fresh start, and seems to have a fair chance of getting out of the Forest of Sorrowful Haps, despite its manager's ominous surname. It played again twice last week, at its first public "rehearsal" and concert (reckoning by the Carnegie Hall series) as "The Paur Orchestra." And it played so superbly as to make one believe that a sweet rose can smell even sweeter when classed by a straightforward managerial botany. The programme offered Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture, Saint-Saëns's G minor piano-forte concerto, Tschaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, and the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." The same general description that was given of the band's work on the occasion preceding its difficulties holds more than good now. It is the finest orchestra of the city in quality and drilling, and ought to



NAHAN FRANKO,
Concert-Master of "The Paur Orchestra."

be a peculiar source of pride and gratitude. It would be ranked a fine one anywhere. It is pleasant to observe such a wide critical consensus as has honored its merit. I repeat it—only from two symphonic bands, each foreign to our city, have such concerts come. They are the result of authority, of instruction, and of pains. The rich Orientalism and fancifulness of Goldmark's tone-poem, and the alternated vivacity, romance, and pompous dignity of Wagner's programme-overture are fine tests. Both were delivered by this Paur Orchestra with a firm, precise sonority, and with touches of elegance, especially in the *ensemble* passages, for which we have grown used to look toward Boston and Chicago and Paris. Mr. Paur already has developed his string array well on toward a solid, smooth, and yet highly vitalized element of his band, with that tone indispensable to refined and well-balanced symphony-playing. This choir includes principals of indisputable value, as Messrs. Nahan Franko and Leo Schulz. The quality of such work at either concert was shown not only in enjoyable music, but in the ugly Tschaikovsky symphony. I am glad to see Mr. Paur introduce here at last the familiar foreign practice of having the violinists and violists play standing, at least during the symphonies. It is a custom of specially good results if the string-band be rather scanty in proportion to the rest of the forces. Perhaps, in consequence, his Orchestra will be called "the stand-up orchestra" instead of the Paur one. But, in any sense, it is a band to rise to the occasion. Mr. Leopold Godowsky, of the Chicago Conservatory, was the soloist at afternoon and evening concerts. He has not played here in several seasons. He is of the younger foreign pianists of the first class as to execution, and while hardly a distinctive player of expression, is by no means lacking in that trait, when the work has anything particular to express—a thing not common in the compositions of Saint-Saëns, that greatly over-estimated music-maker. The next set of concerts by the Paur Orchestra occur December 9 and 10.

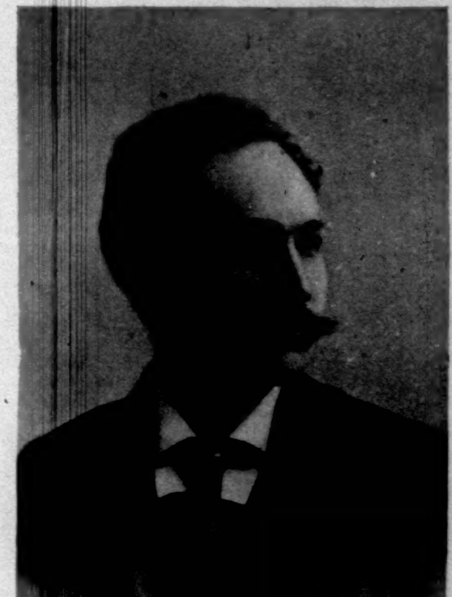
"A Dangerous Maid," at the Casino.

The country at large may decide to remember this year as that of the accession of Puerto Rico, or of Mr. Roosevelt's election, or of many other notable incidents. Musical New-Yorkers will be justified in remembering it as the year in which so surprisingly large a number of our comic operas and musical plays proved to be really good things, that we might expect a positive regeneration of ideas as to such jocund creations. The Casino has fallen into the good line with "A Dangerous Maid." The Viennese original, "Heisses Blut," has been "adapted," whatever that may mean, by Sydney Rosenfeld, with the musical or other co-operation of Messrs. Leopold Schenck, Frederick J. Eustis, and Louis Harrison. Some of their additions are brilliant excrescences on the original German structure. Others are excrescences without being brilliant. For one matter, the Imperial Hofburg Theater, the most serious and dignified stage in Europe, except the Théâtre Français, is turned into a playhouse like the Theater an der Wien, the Carl, or the Ronacher establishment! A really graceful, simple story is the piece's foundation; incidentally a story with a wholesome moral that shows itself behind all the blaze of feminine stage pictures and riot of costumes, in good taste and bad taste, and that vaudevillism in general that gives the piece its Casino quality. The silly English title merely labels the heroine, *Ilona*, a young Hungarian girl whom jealousy tempts on the very evening of her wedding to desert her humble lover and to run away with a Viennese Lothario. *Ilona* fancies that she does so. She also fancies that she leads a risky life in Vienna as an actress of wild vogue, that she nearly disgraces her good village-relatives by her very successes, that she is deserted by her lover, fights a duel with a stage rival, is wounded dangerously, and so on; while never actually crossing the Rubicon that makes her a creature of dishonor. And then, all at once, *Ilona* wakes up. She is safe on the stair of her father's rural home, just where she fell asleep. Her whole escapade has been a night's dreaming, her wedding morning is shining in her eyes, and her lover and father and innocent girl friends all come running in to clasp the frightened penitent to their arms. This is certainly pretty as a motive, if not wholly new. The seven tableaux make a distinctly enjoyable music play, with much comedy, and just a bit of pathos in them. "A Dangerous Maid" is exceedingly well acted, and not ill sung. Miss Lessing (*Ilona*) and Miss Laura Burt (*Fanchette*) are extremely faithful in that sound stage technique that makes of emotional light rôles all the serious success that can be made of them when intelligence is thrown into the effort. A spirited duel with rapiers is a mutual and novel climax to their effective work. Mr. Sam Bernard is genuinely comic as a wig-maker (*Schmalz*), and discreet in his foolery. Mr. William Norris succeeds, perhaps as well as any one could, with that especially tiresome stage type, an old beau (*Panagl*), of the low-comedian order of exploiting. The musical numbers in the original piece are pretty, and the present Casino chorus has good material, needing rather more drilling. The "quick changes" in the piece are well handled, the handsome scenery looks considerably like Vienna, and an excellent Hungarian band sounds exceedingly like it.

Of Piano-forte Recitals.

In a famous *bon mot* Sheridan declared that easy writing is curst hard reading. Piano-forte concerts, of late years, called by the polite "recitals," are well enough as musical elucidations, or even pleasures when good, and given under those suitable conditions now grown rarer and rarer in this part of the world. But their reporting is flat and unprofitable to the average reader of musical reviews. I am sure that those of us who avoid in print the intricacies of our topic are loved for such reticence. Mr. Rosenthal has just finished his first series of such afternoons for the present. Miss Adele aus der Ohe, limiting herself to a couple, has completed this week that modest stint. The next series of general fame probably will be from Mr. Emil Sauer when he comes in January, unless Madame Madeline Schiller will not break the pious custom. Presently I shall be grateful for the musical veteran's privilege of speaking some plain truths about this whole question of piano-forte recitals considered as business or as art. As now offered, the species could be dispensed with almost altogether. Their value and interest are growing more and more legendary.

Last week the Castle Square Opera Company undertook Planquette's graceful opera-comique, "The Chimes of Normandy." It was not a happy effort; and those of us who are old opera-goers have such clear remembrances of how well the "Chimes" can be sung and acted, that



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY,
Pianist, of the Chicago Conservatory.

the performance of last week seemed sweet bells jangled out of tune. One vivid picture of the past—Peakes as *Gaspard*, the village miser—has not been approached by later singing comedians of our stage. It is not in imagination either that the Castle Square Company's work lately has sounded as if the principals were oversinging, and were tired. Especially is new tenor aid desirable. Cannot some useful new-comers be found here or wooed over from the Carl Rosa contingent or from the Savoy? In any state of activity to the contrary, it will be better to let alone Planquette, Gilbert and Sullivan, or to send the hard-working ladies and gentlemen now at the American on a little educational visit to London, to be brought to a knowledge of how such things as "Iolanthe" and "The Pirates" and "The Chimes" should be said and sung. This week the experiment of doing Puccini's "La Bohème" will be tried. E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE MARKET, PONCE.

COCK-FIGHTING IN PUERTO RICO.

THE only real recreation of the rural Puerto-Ricans seems to be cock-fighting. Bull-fights have never gained a foothold in the island, though many of the Spanish-born citizens profess a profound regret that their national pastime seems not to have met with favor. The only reason given is that the people have always been too poor to indulge in the expensive luxury of importing any of the distinguished matadors from home, such experts being indispensable when it is desired to raise bull-fighting above the level of mere barbarity.

As a matter of fact, cock-mains are more reprehensible morally than bull-rings, since in the former is displayed a brutal fight to the death between untrained but plucky birds, while the latter call for an exhibition of skill of hand and nerves of iron on the part of the human participants.

Every town in Puerto Rico has at least one cockpit, built and owned by some thrifty lover of the mains. They differ little in construction, being an earth-floored ring some eighteen feet in diameter, surrounded by an outwardly inclined, closely boarded fence, with half a dozen hinged entrance-gates, which may be closed fast when a fight is on. Back of this fence board seats are built, sometimes rising three deep like circus benches, and in the ultra-fashionable places they are divided into numbered and reserved seats. Covering the ring is a square, open-sided, roofed shed, with a railed balcony, having a row of benches some eight feet above the ring-level. Outside of all is a high fence built of clapboards from the great royal palm, which prevents intrusive glances.

It requires little provocation to get the inhabitants of the entire country-side to fighting their pet game-cocks. Sunday afternoon, after a hasty visit to the church in the morning, is always devoted to the island pastime, but a saint's day, a feast-day, or any of the many constantly recurring festive holidays, brings out hundreds of country folk, who trudge along the narrow trails barefooted and lightly clad, with birds under their arms, or jog along upon the cantering-gaited ponies, with their legs hung over the wicker side-panniers, from which valiant chanticleers thrust forth their heads and lift their strident voices in defiant challenge.

It is not to be supposed that game-bird fighting is followed by the entire population as a means of recreation, for the wealthier and commercial classes, while not eschewing the amusement of watching a main now and then, take no active part in the pit. The followers of the gaff are, however, not numbered entirely, as in our own country, among the tougher element, but it has as its devotees most of the poorer element, laborers, or peons, who work on the large plantations for hire, and have little garden plots of their own to supply their family needs. They are quiet, hard-working people, when work is to be had, who enjoy intensely their few simple pleasures, and go into ecstasies over their great sport of cock-maining.

GENERAL GRANT ON HORSEBACK AT ARROYO, PUERTO RICO.

A NATIVE PUERTO-RICAN WASHING CLOTHES.

Around the cockpit are gathered two hundred jabbering peasants, in cotton clothes and loose blouses, with a sprinkling of the better dressed and more opulent townsmen clad in immaculate white duck, set off with starched bosoms, collars, and small flowing ties. The ring is crowded with men carrying their pet prize-cocks under their arms, all striving to secure wagers, and vociferously proclaiming the virtues of their respective birds as fighters.

The first fight has been arranged, and the referee claps his hands as a signal for all gathered in the ring to move outside, as only the "handlers" are allowed within the enclosure. The birds are fought with their own gaffs, instead of with the metal razor-edged blade which is strapped to the legs of cocks in the United States, and a great deal of preparatory scraping and polishing of the bone gaffs takes place, until they become needlelike in sharpness. Then all the crest or neck feathers are cut off with scissors, and sometimes the comb is trimmed low—but not often, as all the minor details of handling, so rigorously observed among our own gambling fraternity, seem here to be dispensed with.

The birds are teased into fighting humor while held in the hand, and viciously pluck at each other's head; and now they are dropped on the ground with a quick movement, and at the order of the referee they are at it. High up in the air they strike the first few plunges, and one dodges under, and the uppermost bird lands over his enemy with a surprised look, but whirls and grabs his opponent on the red comb with a strong beak, and plants his gaff fairly on the side of the other's head. A roar of approval goes up from the crowd who have backed this bird, and a counter set of suppressed hi's of fear rises from those wishing for the success of the other favorite. The fight is fast and furious.

Time is called. In the centre of the ring lies a small square outlined with sunken wooden sticks, and on its opposite edges the birds are set. The mongrel spotted bird goes for his game colored enemy immediately, and strikes him three times to the other's once. Poor fellow! his fight is over; he turns and runs away, followed by his fierce tantalizer. Once more they are rubbed into shape. One vicious gaff as they come together, and the red bird sinks dead, the bone lance going deep into his eye and brain.

The crowd surges into the ring and the money changes hands, while the owner of the dead bird gathers up the bundle of bloody feathers with some show of tenderness.

On and on it goes for hours, until the hundred contestants have been reduced by half, and the once bright-plumaged bragging birds, who dared each other on as they struggled at the end of their restraining bark thongs from the balcony, have changed to bedraggled bruised fellows with hanging heads and bent legs, and whose drooping eyelids tell the story of the desperate fight.

They are only birds, but there is something very pathetic in witnessing their fight for life—fighting to kill, if you prefer—surrounded by a concourse of howling human beings, who cheer on each stroke that draws another drop of vital blood. It is a brutal sport, this baiting of birds against one another, who fight with blinded bloody eyes, not seeing their enemy at the finish, but striking wildly, unflinchingly, at the superior force as they die; but it is the one, the only, amusement which these people could afford, the only one offered them by a nation which has crushed out human hearts and dwarfed human minds by three centuries of malicious officialism.

There was no drinking, no carousing, among the spectators; no ugly swearing, no bad feeling engendered, and no taint of rowdyism, such as we see in our own country at such gatherings. Instead, with one accord, the people were out to enjoy their holiday in gay good-humor, and while excitement rose to a tremendous pitch, no harsh word was spoken and threatening looks were unknown. That the amusement was brutal and of low order seemed not to occur to any one. They had been taught this form of pastime, and conscience did not trouble them.

Through the little entrance-gate, built from the wood of the royal palm, the crowd moved from a cock-fight to a solemn Catholic ceremony to be held in the near-by cemetery, and in the lead strode a little black youngster in one of our soldiers' cast-off campaign hats, his bare black chest shining through the front of a dirty cotton coat. What cared he that it had cost him a silver piece hardly gained by blacking the army's shoes? He was happy in the possession of a handful of copper centavos, which did credit to his acumen as a bird-backer, and made him envied by his youthful playmates. His twinkling eyes and merry laughs sobered quickly to awe-stricken glance and solemn expression as the black-garbed priest strode by.

Verily only such a mercurial race could have stood the blighting abuses of a despotic government with complacence.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

LONDON.

November 12, 1898.

Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall was remarkable for its omissions. China, Bahr-el-Ghazal, Morocco, were not named, although the seizure of Niu-chwang by Russian troops is now practically confirmed by Lord Charles Beresford. It was the speech of a wise but a tired old man who knows of danger he cannot reveal. The Premier's references to Egypt were complementary to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's declaration, earlier in the year, that we are "not going to be worried out of Egypt." Lord Salisbury says, in effect, that "we are not going to be worried *in* Egypt," and that if the British Empire is to be treated as a French pin-cushion, "occupation will be succeeded by a protectorate." Apart from the Bahr-el-Ghazal, of which I speak later, a test case will shortly arise which will determine the question as to whether the French continue or abandon their habit of inserting unexpected pins in John Bull's ample corporation. The present mandate for the Mixed Tribunals in Egypt expires early next year. Revision of these Mixed Tribunals is inevitable, and the decision that will be arrived at by England will be determined beforehand by the previous settlement of outstanding points still in dispute in the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

Lord Salisbury is severely taken to task by hot-blooded amateurs for not having seized the opportunity, on the 9th of November, for declaring a protectorate over Egyptian territory. To have done so prior to the final settlement of French pretensions to Egyptian soil would be futile, would deprive Great Britain of her impregnable legal position, would supply French Anglophobes with inflammable and explosive material for their campaign of passion, besides creating a precedent that would certainly be followed elsewhere. Much, perhaps far too much, is made of the language of the Anglophobist press in France. Probably books of geography and history used in French national schools reveal the real sentiments of successive French governments towards England more accurately than anything that appears in an ephemeral press. School-books commonly used in the lycées contain the most extraordinary evidence of envenomed and revengeful enmity against England, as does the atlas or *cartes croquis* used at St. Cyr. Nioz's *Expansion Européenne* is a work of a very high class, and is regarded as a great and esteemed authority on geography. All the misfortunes of France during the present century are attributed in this work to England—unjustly as a matter of fact; not unnaturally as a matter of sentiment. In meeting these French accusations the defects of the English character are reflected in our press. Want of imagination is one of them. The attitude of English journalists towards France is one of pained surprise. "England," says the great British organs of public opinion, "only asks to be let alone. We wish neither to injure France, nor to curb her colonial aspirations, nor even to challenge her legitimate efforts to compensate herself in Asia and in Africa for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine." This attitude of the English press is short-sighted and slightly silly if we only look at the facts.

Since the Norman Conquest, twenty-two times have England and France been locked in a death-struggle. Of the past one hundred and fifty years the two nations have fought each other during thirty-seven, always for the same thing, and France has invariably gone to the wall. Our last five wars with France were one prolonged struggle for sea power—that is, for trade, territory, and wealth. During this period of struggle the population of England and Wales never exceeded nine millions, and never during this period were the people of France fewer than twenty-seven millions. In the year of Waterloo there were twenty-nine millions of French, and only eleven million English in England. Now all is changed. The French have increased by ten million in ninety-four years. The English have increased by more than twenty. Ireland, which was seething in rebellion in 1798, is now not only impotent, but quiet and partially contented. The numbers of the Irish people are reduced by half since General Hoche entered Bantry Bay. To-day the United Kingdom is solid against French aggression, with the exception of a handful of Irish agitators and their followers. Are not these galling facts to thoughtful Frenchmen? It was from France that England snatched Canada, India, Egypt, and the command of the sea. A new Clive of Africa is to-day building an empire which, many think, may rival India itself, while at Fashoda an expedition conceived to solace French pride has resulted in a fresh and incurable wound upon Gallic susceptibilities. The hatred of France to England, however inconvenient, is natural. Lord Salisbury's sagacious and massive mind now apparently accepts with reluctance the truth, long since recognized by the majority of his fellow-subjects, that the conditions for an enduring friendship with the Latin races do not exist. Hence the immense efforts made by the Premier to bring the English-speaking peoples into sympathy with each other. French decay seems to be the only visible alternative to a renewal of the old struggle with this country.

Notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's speech, public opinion is still puzzled. Great events are looming on the horizon. The whole strength of the British Empire is not being exerted merely to illustrate the connection between one "unfriendly act" and its consequences after the surrender of France. Other difficulties exist, scarcely hinted at. For the first time, however, at all events in this century, the country watches the approach of war without panic or flurry. So far as France is concerned, King George the Third's flamboyant declaration before the outbreak of the last naval war with our neighbors, in May, 1803, might be used to-day. Here is a bit of it:

"It was universally allowed that the uniform system of hostile aggression and insult exercised by the French government for the last twelve months had been carried to such an extent that England was degraded and her honor forever lost if she did not again appeal to . . . the spirit of the British nation, to the energies that form the proud characteristic of a free people, and, above all, to that overruling Providence under whose guidance she had so often asserted triumphantly her own cause."

Much water has flowed under London bridges since May 18, 1803. Popular hatred of the French has gradually ceased, and is replaced by liking diluted with contempt. The international situation is simple, but is, however, little understood.

Two central facts stand out like twin peaks against the setting sun — firstly, for sixteen years France has deliberately elected to wound English self-respect in all parts of the world; secondly, the despatch of the word "mobilize," from Whitehall would effectually stop these "unfriendly acts" forthwith, and for at least two generations would prevent their repetition. The accumulation of injury caused by the encroaching spirit of France has struck the popular imagination. The masses are not angry, but they are determined. Hence English opinion attaches little importance to Fashoda. In France, Fashoda is looked on as the supreme situation of the drama. To get the French out of Fashoda is a trifle. It settles nothing. Tail-twisting must cease. To get the French out of Fashoda without putting an end to the causes that took them in would be childish. It is therefore the policy of the government, with the consent of the British people, to arrange outstanding differences between the two countries, peacefully if possible, but to arrange them. No precautions are relaxed; no cessation of armaments will be thought of. The immediate cause of rupture, if peace is broken, may be over places occupied by the French in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, to which they have exactly the same title as they have to Fashoda—that is, none at all. Or it may be over Newfoundland, Morocco, China, or interference with the United States in the Philippines. The English people are bent on a solid peace—if necessary they will fight like devils to get it.

Five French settlements on or near the Nile are in dispute. I learn that the French are willing to surrender three, but they still refuse to surrender the remaining two. As a matter of fact, they are manœuvring to gain time. For them winter is an unfortunate period of the year for a naval war, and the chapter of accidents may bring allies. They are being sought diligently. Only twelve thousand French men-o'-war's men are habitually afloat in the winter season. Rough water suits the Anglo-Saxon temperament. The Latin Celt does not like high winds and steep swells. One immediate point of danger I learn to be the contingency of serious attempts on the part of the French to re-enforce the French colonies, as their seizure in war-time would form the only leverage for the arrangement of peace. Madagascar, Miquelon, St.-Pierre, and Algeria are being carefully watched. The time for a conflict is now opportune for England; it may not remain so long. The German Emperor has ostentatiously assumed the protection of a section of the Catholics, both in the Far and Near East, and he has as openly rejected the corner-stone of the Bismarckian foreign policy—*i. e.*, the conciliation of Russia. He is apparently bent on annoying the United States—our best friend. French influence in the East has for years been growing weaker, and the Sultan has suddenly discovered a friend in the ruler of the strongest military state in Europe. Turkey is in a sense another Egypt, and German protection of the Turk is necessarily antagonistic to the influence of Russia. Russia's aim has been to keep Turkey in a state of weakness and decay. Germany's aim is the regeneration of the Ottoman Empire. In the sphere of European politics, therefore, Germany and Russia are at last more or less open antagonists. Events are pushing the United States and Great Britain nearer together, but whether the cause of peace or the real welfare of America is served by the new imperialism on your side of the water is a question on which the prophets differ. On the field of prophecy we are all equal. The Kaiser's proposed visit to a Spanish port, when Gibraltar coal was nearer and better, does not make him more popular in England. The visit would not have been construed as "a friendly act" towards the United States. Something is in the air about Morocco.

From the Far East trustworthy information reaches me which shows that Japan believes her opportunity is coming. Should Russia move, she will find Japan at her throat. Russia, therefore, with her internal troubles of famine, poverty, and widespread corruption, is naturally unwilling to pull hot chestnuts out of the Egyptian fire for the sake of France. Without Russia, Austria, Abyssinia, or her Dervish friends, France will have to face the English music single-handed; and as the Foreign Ministers of France, who flit through the palace on the Quai d'Orsay as transient figures in a biograph, do not seem to believe England's word, it is possible that they will be more reasonable after being confronted with the spectacle of England's sword. There is, as I have hinted, a great deal under the surface which is not publicly known. The Egyptian authorities have in their possession a letter from a French officer to the Khalifa, together with two French flags sent to the leader of the Dervishes. The messenger who conveyed these interesting mementos of the emissaries of civilization is also in the hands of the Egyptian government. It is to be presumed that our rulers are withholding the publication of these facts, for diplomatic reasons, but they are true. If I were able to give my authority for stating them, the civilized world would wonder. It is not the opinion of ministers that there will be war this year, but the question of peace or war rests in the hands of French or Spanish politicians whose record of levity in the conduct of foreign affairs is not encouraging for the prospects of peace.

Lord Kitchener, of course, is the hero of the hour. He is the darling of the ladies, the idol of the crowd, and the hero of the nation. Since his arrival at Dover he has won golden opinions from every one. The crowd at Victoria Station on his arrival was one of the most extraordinary sights I ever saw in England. The crowd was like the Jubilee crowd last year, but was charged with electricity. Admiration and respect for the man who *does* as apart from the man who *talks* is a feature common to all the English-speaking people. But poor Lord Kitchener was nearly killed by the ardor of his admirers, and he was heard to say that the struggle on the platform at Victoria Station was worse than Omdurman. At the Mansion House dinner he spoke without notes, in a clear resonant voice, and embodied in his modest and business-like statement the qualities which Englishmen like and understand. At the Guildhall in the afternoon he was apparently unable to read the oath administered to him, the words being repeated to him by an aide-de-camp. A member of the ministry, however, tells me that Lord Kitchener's eyesight has not failed him, for the reading of print in the form of accounts in papers connected with Egypt is performed by the Sirdar at the War Office almost daily. His eyes are affected, but not incurably.

With reference to Lord Kitchener's character, a most interesting study, it appears that there is an essential difference between him and his predecessors on the English roll of military fame. The average British general is governed more or less, and more rather than less, by tradition, by personal considerations, by regimental, social, and racial sympathies or antipathies, and especially by *esprit de corps*. Lord Kitchener is influenced but little by these things. Fitness, and fitness alone, is the avenue to his regard. Two or three scions of the royal and the ducal houses were, it is true, accepted for service by him on the Upper Nile, and he brought them all back safely. Perhaps the Sirdar may have shown a little human weakness in accepting some of these lads, but in Lord Edward Cecil, the son of the Prime Minister, he gained the support of an able soldier and keen intellect. Other names might be mentioned with which the inexorable condition of fitness is not so easily associated. Lord Salisbury, who is not a hero-worshipper, is said to have formed an unbounded admiration for Kitchener. He has publicly referred to him as a financier, a diplomatist, and a soldier in language descriptive of an Admirable Crichton.

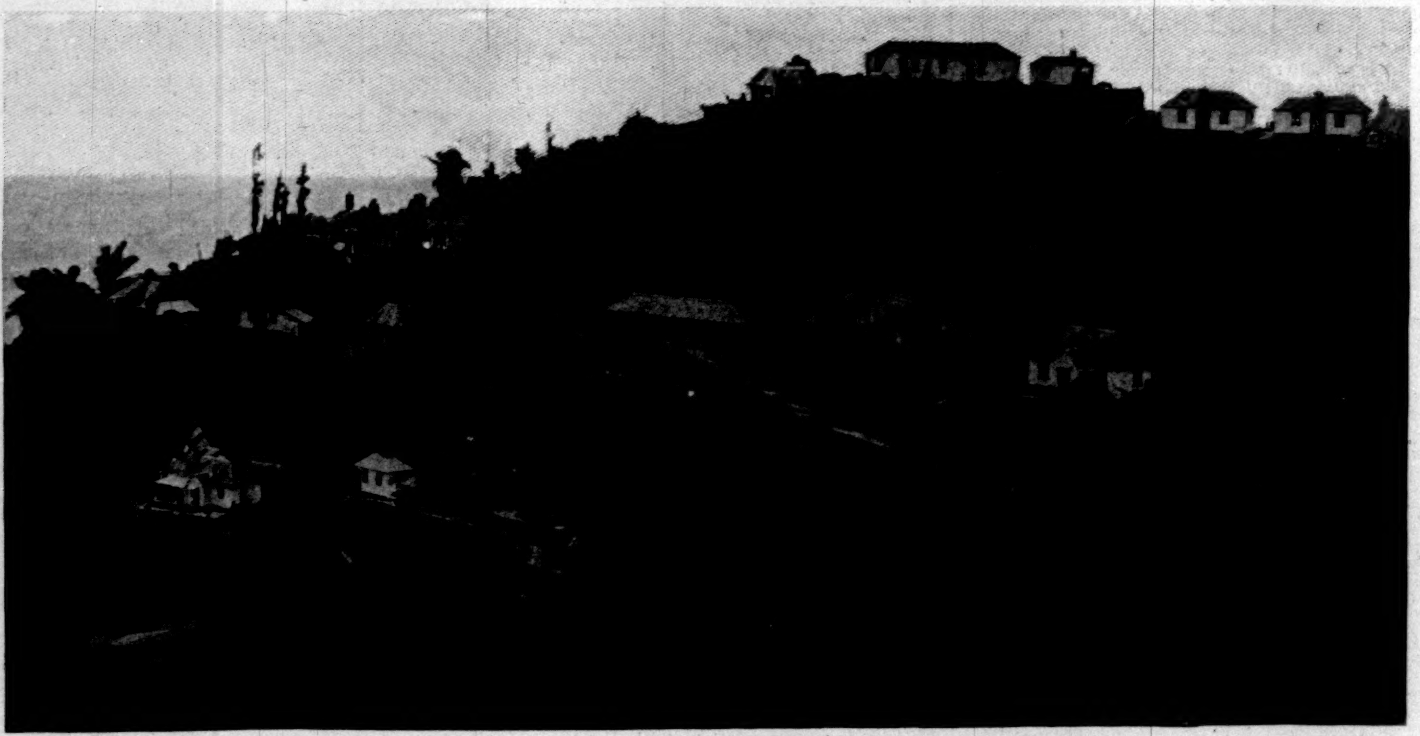
It is interesting to note that in the whole of the speeches delivered at the Kitchener banquet on the 4th of November, and the Lord Mayor's annual dinner to ministers on the 9th, the word "duty" occurs five times, while the word "glory" was only used twice, in both instances by Lord Salisbury, and then, first, in connection with the native Egyptian, as opposed to the British, army, and second, in reference to "that peace which is the glory and sustenance of our empire." The distinctive note of empires that endure is that of duty rather than empire.

The great interest felt in England at the prospect of a transfer of sovereignty over the Philippines from the Spanish monarchy to the United States, as I have more than once stated, is partly due to national self-interest. The Philippines in American hands, administered by United States officers, would not only present an object-lesson to the world of American capacity for administering distant dependencies, but would add great moral weight to England's efforts in the Far East to maintain the open door, and to her system of controlling the tropics. Knowing that General Merritt's opinions on the subject carry great weight with the readers of the Weekly, I am able to say that the following is an accurate reflection of his views. There is no doubt that whatever may be the result of the commission now sitting in Paris (which, by-the-way, I hear is not unlikely, in certain events, to transfer its sittings to London), the bulk of the inhabitants of the Philippines agree in desiring a change of government, and would eagerly welcome the American flag. If the annexation of the islands should become an accomplished fact, the long period of Spanish misrule will necessitate, for some time to come, military administration. The native leaders, Aguinaldo included, have little capacity for rule, and if one of them were set in authority, rivals would conspire to undermine it, and the anarchy would ensue which is inevitable when power is intrusted to incapable hands. Whatever changes may otherwise become necessary, a reformation of Roman Catholic Church predominance is essential. General Merritt tells me a fact which will go right home to all Americans and Englishmen with relations in the Far East. In the Philippines no Protestant can be married or baptized. Protestants desirous of entering into holy matrimony are obliged to go to Hong-kong to find a spot where liberty is combined with order and religions are unfettered. No missionaries or services are permitted outside the pale of that type of Romanism prevalent in the Philippines. I remember Cardinal Manning once telling me, with tears in his voice, that the Romanism prevalent in some of the South American republics and in the Philippines was of the unreformed character that disgraced the Middle Ages in European history. General Merritt confines himself, of course, in expressing this view, to the palpable necessity for the establishment of law and order, with such liberty of the subject as is accorded to the inhabitants of British tropical dependencies. Too much interference with the native is inexpedient, but all must be taught to obey the law which prevents liberty-lovers from interfering with the liberty of others. Above all, an honest and capable administration is essential, and therefore political interference from home with the officers appointed to govern the Philippines would be fatal to the administrative reputation of the United States in the Far East. Cuba is, of course, too near to be treated as a colony, but as regards the Philippines the experience of British rule in India, Ceylon, Singapore, and Hong-kong suggests to General Merritt that permanent and well-chosen American civil-service administration is the only alternative to military control when the islands are ready for the change.

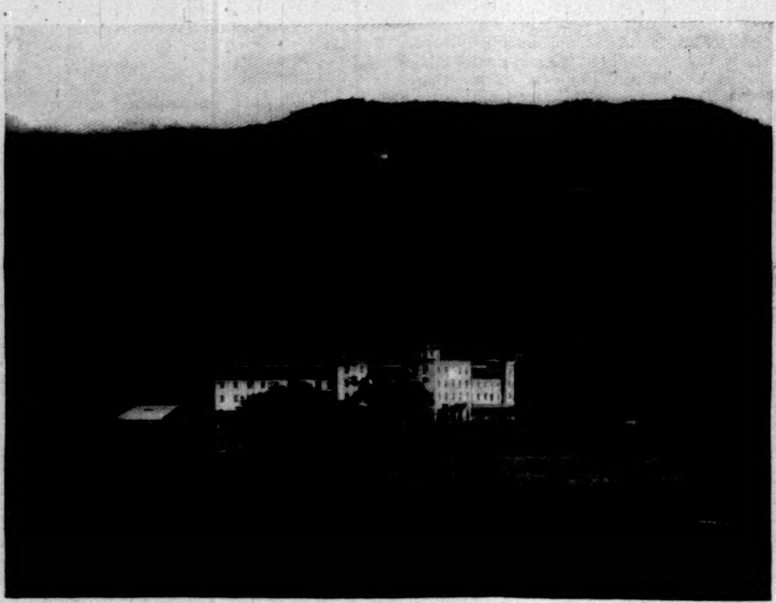
General Merritt was naturally reticent about the course of events before the commission in Paris, but he expressed opinions upon the Anglo-French dispute now raging which are of value as emanating from a dispassionate friend of both nations, and a soldier and administrator of great distinction. The general thinks that the French army is better than it was three and a half years ago, that the men are bigger and better set up, that the discipline is improved, and that as a fighting-machine it is stronger than at any previous period. Upon the French navy he refrained from expressing an opinion, but entertained no doubt as to the result of a naval struggle between France and England. The capture of the French West India Islands by the English would be one of the early results of the war, and the transfer of the French West Indian possessions to the United States is a question that might possibly enter the arena of practical politics a few weeks after war breaks out. General Merritt is of the opinion that there is much behind of which the public know nothing, and that great events are looming in the near future.

Arnold White.

TYPICAL NATIVE HALF-BREED (NEGRO AND COOLIE) FAMILY.



BARRACKS AT NEWCASTLE—4000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.



CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL.

COFFEE-PLANTS IN BEARING.

JAMAICA—SCENES IN ENGLAND'S CHIEF WEST-INDIAN POSSESSION.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PHIL. ROBINSON, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1189.]

NEW BUILDING FOR THE JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE, WALNUT AND TENTH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.
J. H. WINDRAM, ARCHITECT.
The building is now in course of construction, and will be completed by June 28, 1899.

THE CHINAMAN AND THE EXCLUSION LAWS.

FEW laws can be enforced absolutely. For instance, there is a law against breaking into houses, yet, in spite of the police, burglaries sometimes occur. This much, however, the burglary law does do: it prevents the crime from becoming very common. So it is in the case of the Chinese-exclusion laws. Though they may not keep out of the country every Chinaman not legally entitled to enter the United States, yet if they prevent Chinamen from becoming numerous enough to do us harm, their main purpose is accomplished.

A few Chinamen scattered through our population are not a great injury. The laundrymen found in our villages and small cities are certainly inoffensive, the Chinese colonies in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York are not too large to be under strict police control. It is only San Francisco, with its Chinatown of 70,000 people, that suffers from the contact of the Chinese coolie.

If Chinamen were being smuggled into the country by the thousands the danger would indeed be great, but experience proves that stories of Chinese smuggling are almost always exaggerated, and are often created merely to furnish a sensational newspaper article. Figures—which can be made to lie so easily—are especially misleading when dealing with our Chinese population. Owing to the peculiar character of the Chinese immigrant, his timid, suspicious, and secretive habits, it is impossible to obtain a reliable census. But even a cursory examination will show that Chinamen in the United States are not rapidly becoming more numerous, are not increasing as rapidly as the non-Mongolian population. A government official, an expert in Chinese matters and a man of conservative judgment, gives it as his opinion that we now have few more Chinamen in this country than we had in 1886. Taking into account the rapid increase of the non-Mongolian population, it can readily be seen that, as the exclusion laws are now enforced, there is no danger of our being overrun by the Chinese coolie.

An examination of the records of the New York Custom-House shows how few Chinamen attempt entry at that port. During the eleven weeks beginning October 18, 1897, and ending December 31, 1897, there were admitted through the port of New York thirty-nine Chinamen of the exempt or merchant class. Twelve of these were actors in a Chinese play, who left New York, and after acting a week or two in England, returned, so that these twelve were not original entries. During that same period eight alleged merchants, not having the necessary certificates, were refused admission. Some Chinese have been entering through Burlington, Vermont, by means of the "boy and father" scheme. The efficient work of Chinese inspectors is rapidly making this attempted fraud too costly for the Chinamen and their lawyers.

On the Pacific coast, where the character of the Chinese immigrant is understood, public sentiment upholds the exclusion laws. This is not so in the East, and here the people's indifference or open hostility is one of the greatest difficulties encountered by the Chinese inspectors. It is this which makes it impossible to strictly enforce the laws, which gives United States commissioners and judges an excuse for favoring the Chinamen brought before them, which enables corrupt officials, undetected and unpunished, to grow rich through Chinese bribes.

The widespread sentiment in the East in favor of "poor John Chinaman" originates largely with those good people who teach in Chinese missions and Sunday-schools. It is unfair to deny results to their unselfish labor, they say; and it may be so that there are Chinese converts whose Christian virtues outshine those of the church-going descendants of the Puritan. There doubtless are many cases where Chinamen go to Sunday-school for other reasons than to learn English and to be petted by American women. But if the instance of the sincere convert is cited, it is only too easily offset by occasions when the people of San Francisco have been shocked by the ill deeds of Chinatown—brutal assaults, disgusting exhibitions of vice, and cold-blooded murders.

Putting aside as exceptions both the convert and the murderer, it remains to examine the traits of the ordinary Chinese immigrant, and to determine if he be a desirable acquisition.

At first sight it seems almost incomprehensible that any government should wish to exclude a race so peaceable and industrious—apparently such desirable material for future citizens. "A people," exclaim their advocates, "who might be the schoolmasters of the Western World; who delight us with their learning and their moral precepts; who have behind them centuries and centuries of civilization; who were scholars and statesmen when we were barbarians!" These admirers of the Chinese overlook the fact that it is precisely in the old Mongolian civilization that the danger lies. The Chinaman, be he mandarin or coolie, cannot, if he would, escape from this civilization; he feels its momentum pressing him on in the paths trod by his ancestors. Unless there should be an upheaval and change in China itself, he will continue in these paths, uninfluenced by the mushroom civilization of the West. The Chinaman's theory of life is absolutely opposed to ours; the two cannot combine; one theory must destroy the other. Will the law of self-preservation allow us to admit vast numbers of immigrants bitterly hostile in their ideas and frankly intending to remain so?—immigrants who covet our dollars and scorn us as barbarians? Have we not the right, and is it not our duty, to demand that those coming here to enjoy the advantages which our fathers bought with toil and war should in some measure accept our fathers' ideas? A slight knowledge of the Chinese immigrant is enough to convince one that he does not mean to learn from us, does not want to be like us. For generations he has been taught to scorn everything not Chinese. Every superstition he holds sacred teaches him to cling to the beliefs and prejudices—the old civilization—of his own country.

When a barbarian comes among civilized people, it is not long before he begins to adopt their ideas. He brings a fresh, strong soil in which civilization can work. New ideas are eagerly seized by his awakening intelligence. This happened when the Goth came in contact with Roman civilization; so it was when the African savage was brought to America; so it is when the semicivilized peasant comes to us from Europe. The most ignorant immigrant from Russia or Germany or Italy assimilates our American ideas; he seizes on them eagerly and gratefully, and in a generation or two he is one of us.

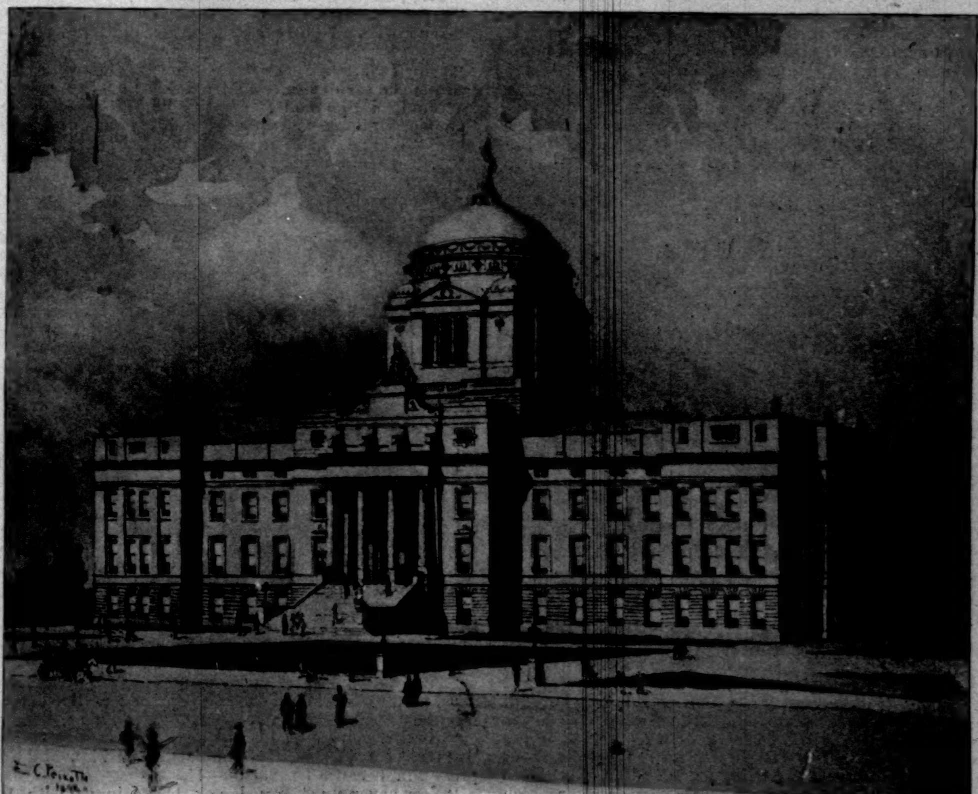
How different is the case of the Chinaman! Our ideas make no impression on his complacent mind. The most debased coolie thinks himself fully civilized. Unhealthy and dwarfed in body and in morals, made foul by ancient vices, his blood often tainted by leprosy, the Chinese coolie is the natural product of an old, worn-out, rotten civilization. The barbarian furnishes a strong, fresh material on which to work; the Chinaman is clay that has been kneaded and kneaded, over and over, by what we of the West consider a false and vicious civilization, until the clay has become soiled and offensive. Is it too much to say that the ordinary coolie immigrant—polluted by too long and intimate and confined a relationship with his kind—is like a sickly puppy, made sickly by too much handling.

Should a society already engaged in a struggle to assimilate its many and discordant elements be burdened by an influx of thousands of these Chinese coolies?

A new era seems to be dawning for China—an era when she will be forced at the bayonet's point to admit European ideas. It is a harsh method of teaching, but, owing to his peculiar characteristics, it is the only way in which the Chinaman can be taught. Force him to realize how antiquated and irrational and impotent are his ideas of life, and he may shake off his complacency and be ready to learn. The war with Japan has already had a most salutary effect. Shortly before it broke out, Li Hung-Chang is reported to have called the Japanese a race of monkeys, beneath the notice of his all-potent Emperor. That war gave a rude blow to China's senile complacency, and now it is likely to be again disturbed by the guns of European war-ships. When the Chinaman is less complacent and scornful, when he is ready to throw aside the superstition and pseudo-civilization of his ancestors, and comes to us wishing to adopt Western ideas, we can afford to welcome him.

Until then the exclusion laws are a necessity; they should be upheld and enforced, and not only by a few government officials. Public sentiment in the East, as well as on the Pacific coast, should be glad to give them its support. However, in spite of all difficulties, the exclusion laws are enforced so as to accomplish their main purpose. The United States are not being overrun by Chinese coolies.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER,
Acting Deputy Collector representing the Collector of Customs in the Chinese Bureau, Port of New York.



THE NEW STATE CAPITOL, HELENA, MONTANA.—BELL & KENT, ARCHITECTS.
Now in course of construction.

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

XXIII.

MRS. BROOKENHAM'S visitors had been gone half an hour, but she was still in the drawing-room when Nanda came back. The girl found her, on the sofa, in a posture that might have represented restful oblivion, but that, after a glance, our young lady appeared to interpret as mere intensity of thought. It was a condition from which, at all events, Mrs. Brook was quickly roused by her daughter's presence; she opened her eyes and put down her feet, so that the two were confronted as closely as persons may be when it is only one of them who looks at the other. Nanda, gazing vaguely about and not seeking a seat, slowly drew off her gloves while her mother's sad eyes considered her from top to toe. "Tea's gone," Mrs. Brook then said as if there were something in the loss peculiarly irretrievable. "But I suppose," she added, "he gave you all you want."

"Oh dear yes, thank you—I've had lots."

Nanda hovered there slim and charming, feathered and ribboned, dressed in thin, fresh fabrics and faint colors, with something to the effect of it all to which the sweeter, deeper melancholy in her mother's eyes seemed happily to testify. "Just turn round, dear." The girl immediately obeyed, and Mrs. Brook once more took everything in. "The back's best—only she didn't do what she said she would. How they do lie!" she gently quavered.

"Yes, but we lie so to *them*." Nanda had swung round again, producing evidently on her mother's part, by the admirable "hang" of her light skirts, a still deeper peace. "Do you mean the middle fold?—I knew she wouldn't. I don't want my back to be best—I don't walk backward."

"Yes," Mrs. Brook resignedly mused; "you dress for yourself."

"Oh, how can you say that," the girl asked, "when I never stick in a pin but what I think of *you?*"

"Well," Mrs. Brook moralized, "one must always, I consider, think, as a sort of *point de repère*, of some one good person. Only it's best if it's a person one's afraid of. You do very well, but I'm not enough. What one really requires is a kind of salutary terror. *I* never stick in a pin without thinking of your cousin Jane. What is it that some one quotes somewhere about some one's having said that 'Our antagonist is our helper—he prevents us from being superficial'? The extent to which, with my poor clothes, the Duchess prevents *me*—!" It was a measure Mrs. Brook could give only by the general soft wail of her submission to fate.

"Yes, the Duchess isn't a woman, is she? She's a standard."

The speech had for Nanda's companion, however, no effect of humor or of irony, and it was a mark of the special intercourse of these good friends that though they had for each other, in manner and tone, such a fund of consideration as might almost have given it the stamp of diplomacy, there was yet in it also something of that economy of expression which is the result of a common experience. The recurrence of opportunity to observe them together would have taught a spectator that—on Mrs. Brook's side, doubtless, more particularly—their relation was governed by two or three remarkably established and, as might have been said, refined laws, the spirit of which was to guard against the vulgarity so often coming to the surface between parent and child. That they *were* as good friends as if Nanda had not been her daughter was a truth that no passage between them might fail in one way or another to illustrate. Nanda had gathered up, for that matter, early in life, a flower of maternal wisdom: "People talk about the conscience, but it seems to me one must just bring it up to a certain point and leave it there. You can let your conscience alone if you're nice to the second house-maid." Mrs. Brook was as "nice" to Nanda as she was to Sarah Curd—which involved, as may easily be imagined, the happiest conditions for Sarah. "Well," she resumed, reverting to the Duchess on a final appraisement of the girl's air, "I really think I do well by you and that Jane wouldn't have anything to say to-day. You look awfully like mamma," she then threw off as if for the first time of mentioning it.

"Oh, Cousin Jane doesn't care for that," Nanda returned. "What I don't look like is Aggie, for all I try."

"Ah, you shouldn't try—you can do nothing with it. One must be what one is."

Mrs. Brook was almost sententious, but Nanda, with civility, let it pass. "No one in London touches her. She's quite by herself. When one sees her one feels her to be the real thing."

Mrs. Brook, without harshness, wondered. "What do you mean by the real thing?"

Even Nanda, however, had to think a moment. "Well, the real young one. That's what Lord Petherton calls her," she mildly joked—"'the young 'un.'"

Her mother's echo was not for the joke, but for something else. "I know what you mean. What's the use of being good?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Nanda. "Besides, isn't Aggie of a goodness—"

"I wasn't talking of her. I was asking myself what's the use of *my* being."

"Well, you can't help it, any more than the Duchess can help—"

"Ah, but she could if she would!" Mrs. Brook broke in with a sharper ring than she had yet given. "We can't help being good perhaps, if that burden is laid on us—but there are lengths, in other directions, we're not absolutely obliged to go. And what I think of when I stick in the pins," she went on, "is that Jane seems to me really never to have had to pay." She appeared, for a minute, to brood on this till she could no longer bear it; after which she jerked out: "Why, she has never had to pay for *anything!*"

Nanda had by this time seated herself, taking her place, under the interest of their talk, on her mother's sofa, where, except for the removal of her long, soft gloves, which one of her hands, again and again, drew caressingly through the other, she remained very much as if she were some friendly yet circumspect young visitor to whom Mrs. Brook had on some occasion dropped "*Do* come." But there was something perhaps more expressly conciliatory in the way she had kept everything on: as if, in particular serenity and to confirm kindly Mrs. Brook's sense of what had been done for her, she had neither taken off her great feathered hat nor laid down her parasol of pale green silk, the "match" of hat and ribbons and which had an expensive, precious knob. Our spectator would possibly have found too much earnestness in her face to be sure if there was also candor. "And do you mean that *you* have had to pay—?"

"Oh yes—all the while." With this Mrs. Brook was a little short, and also as she added, as if to banish a slight awkwardness: "But don't let it discourage you."

Nanda seemed an instant to weigh the advice, and the whole thing would have been striking as another touch in the picture of the odd want, on the part of each, of any sense of levity in the other. Whatever escape, when together, mother or daughter might ever seek would never be the humorous one—a circumstance, however, that might by no means, on occasion, have failed to make their interviews droll for a third person. It would always indeed, for such a person, have produced an impression of tension beneath the surface. "I could have done much better at the start and have lost less time," the girl at last said, "if I hadn't had the drawback of not really remembering Granny."

"Oh well, *I* remember her!" Mrs. Brook moaned with an accent that evidently struck her the next moment as so much out of place that she slightly deflected. She took Nanda's parasol and held it as if—a more delicate thing much than any one of hers—she simply liked to have it. "Her clothes—at your age at least—must have been hideous. Was it at the place he took you to that he gave you tea?" she then went on.

"Yes, at the Museum. We had an orgy in the refreshment-room. But he took me afterwards to Tishy's, where we had another."

"He went *in* with you?" Mrs. Brook had suddenly flashed into eagerness.

"Oh yes—I made him."

"He didn't want to?"

"On the contrary—very much. But he doesn't do everything he wants," said Nanda.

Mrs. Brook seemed to wonder. "You mean you've also to want it?"

"Oh no—*that* isn't enough. What I suppose I mean," Nanda continued, "is that he doesn't do anything he doesn't want to. But he does quite enough," she added.

"And who then was at Tishy's?"

"Oh, poor Tish herself, naturally, and Carrie Donner."

"And no one else?"

The girl just waited. "Yes, Mr. Cashmore came in."

Her mother gave a groan of impatience. "Ah, *again?*"

Nanda thought an instant. "How do you mean, 'again'? He just lives there, as much as he ever did, and Tishy can't prevent him."

"I was thinking of Mr. Longdon—of *their* meeting. When he met him here that time he liked it so little. Did he like it any more to-day?" Mrs. Brook quavered.

"Oh no, he hated it."

"But hadn't he—if he should go in—known he *would?*"

"Yes, perfectly—but he wanted to see."

"To see—?" Mrs. Brook just threw out.

"Well, where I go so much. And he knew I wished it."

"I don't quite see why," Mrs. Brook mildly observed. And then as her daughter said nothing to help her: "At any rate he did loathe it?"

Nanda, for a reply, simply after an instant put a question. "Well, how can he understand?"

"You mean, like me, why you do go there so much? How can he indeed?"

"I don't mean that," the girl returned—"it's just that that he understands perfectly, because he saw them all, in such an extraordinary way—well, what can I ever call it?—clutch me and cling to me."

Mrs. Brook with full gravity, considered this picture. "And was Mr. Cashmore, to-day, so ridiculous?"

"Ah, he's not ridiculous, mamma—he's very unhappy. He thinks now Lady Fanny probably won't go, but he feels that may be, after all, only the worse for him."

"She *will* go," Mrs. Brook answered with one of her roundabout approaches to decision. "He *is* too great an idiot. She was here an hour ago, and if ever a woman was packed—!"

"Well," Nanda objected, "but doesn't she spend her time in packing and unpacking?"

This inquiry, however, scarce pulled up her mother. "No—though she *has*, no doubt, hitherto, wasted plenty of labor. She has now a dozen boxes—I could see them there in her wonderful eyes—just waiting to be called for. So if you're counting on her not going, my dear—!" Mrs. Brook gave a head-shake that was the warning of wisdom.

"Oh, I don't care what she does!" Nanda replied. "What I meant just now was that Mr. Longdon couldn't understand why, with so much to make them so, they couldn't be decently happy."

"And did he wish you to explain?"

"I tried to, but I didn't make it any better. He doesn't like them. He doesn't even care for Tish."

"He told you so—right out?"

"Oh," Nanda said, "of course I asked him. I didn't press him, because I never do—!"

"You never do?" Mrs. Brook broke in as with the glimpse of a new light.

The girl showed an indulgence for this interest that was for a moment almost elderly. "I enjoy awfully, with him, seeing just how to take him."

Her tone and her face evidently put forth, for her companion, at this juncture, something freshly, even quite supremely, suggestive; and yet the effect of them on Mrs. Brook's part was only a question so off-hand that it might already often have been asked. The mother's eyes, to ask it, we may none the less add, attached themselves closely to the daughter's and her own face just glowed. "You like him so very awfully?"

It was as if the next instant Nanda felt herself on her guard. Yet she spoke with a certain surrender. "Well, it's rather intoxicating to be one's self—" She had only a drop over the choice of her term.

"So tremendously made up to, you mean—even by a little fussy, ancient man? But *doesn't* he, my dear," Mrs. Brook continued, with encouragement, "make up to you!"

A supposititious spectator would certainly, on this, have imagined in the girl's face the delicate dawn of a sense that her mother had suddenly become vulgar, together with a general consciousness that the way to meet vulgarity was always to be frank and simple. "He makes one enjoy being liked so much—liked better, I do think, than I've ever been liked by any one."

If Mrs. Brook hesitated it was, however, clearly not because she had noticed. "Not better, surely, than by dear Mitchy? Or even, if you come to that, by Tishy herself."

Nanda's simplicity maintained itself. "Oh, Mr. Longdon's different from Tishy."

Her mother again hesitated. "You mean, of course, he knows more."

The girl considered it. "He doesn't know *more*. But he knows other things—and he's pleasanter than Mitchy."

"You mean because he doesn't want to marry you?"

It was as if she had not heard that Nanda continued: "Well, he's more beautiful."

"O-oh!" cried Mrs. Brook, with a drawn-out extravagance of comment that amounted to an impugnment even by herself of her taste.

It contributed to Nanda's quietness. "He's one of the most beautiful people in the world."

Her companion at this, with a quick wonder, fixed her. "*Does* he, my dear, want to marry you?"

"Yes—to all sorts of ridiculous people."

"But I mean, would you take *him?*"

Nanda, rising, met the question with a short ironic "Yes!" that showed her first impatience. "It's so charming being liked," she went on, "without being approved."

But Mrs. Brook only wanted to know. "He doesn't approve—?"

"No, but it makes no difference. It's all exactly right, all the same."

Mrs. Brook seemed to wonder, however, exactly how it could be. "He doesn't want you to give up anything?" She looked as if she were rapidly thinking what Nanda *might* give up.

"Oh yes, everything."

It was as if, for an instant, she found her daughter inscrutable; then she had a strange smile. "Me?"

The girl was perfectly prompt. "Everything. But he wouldn't like me nearly so much if I really did."

Her mother had a further pause. "Does he want to *adopt* you?" Then more quickly and sadly, though also a little as if lacking courage to push the inquiry: "We couldn't give you up, Nanda."

"Thank you so much, mamma. But we sha'n't be very much tried," Nanda said, "because what it comes to seems to be that I'm really what you may call adopting *him*. I mean I'm little by little changing him—gradually showing him that, as I couldn't possibly have been different, and as also, of course, one can't keep giving up, the only way is for him not to mind and to take me just as I am. That, don't you see? is what he would never have expected to do."

Mrs. Brook recognized, in a manner, the explanation, but still had her wistfulness. "But—a—to take you, 'as you are,' *where?*"

"Well, to the South Kensington Museum."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Brook. Then, however, in a more exemplary tone: "Do you enjoy so very much long hours with him?"

Nanda appeared for an instant to think how to express it. "Well, we're great friends."

"And always talking about Granny?"

"Oh no—really almost never now."

"He doesn't think so awfully much of her?" There was an oddity of eagerness in the question—a hope, a kind of dash, for something that might have been in Nanda's interest.

The girl met these things only with obliging gravity. "I think he's losing any sense of my likeness. He's too used to it, or too many things that are too different now cover it up."

"Well," said Mrs. Brook, as she took this in, "I think it's awfully clever of you to get only the good of him and have none of the worry."

Nanda wondered. "The worry?"

"You leave that all to *me*," her mother went on, but quite forgivingly. "I hope, at any rate, that the good, for you, will be real."

"Real?" the girl, remaining vague, again echoed.

Mrs. Brook, at this, showed though not an irritation, a flicker of austerity. "You must remember that we've a great many things to think about. There are things we must take for granted in each other—we must all help, in our way, to pull the coach. That's what I mean by worry, and if you don't have any, so much the better for you—for *me* it's in the day's work. Your father and I have most to think about, always, at this time, as you perfectly know—when we have to turn things round and manage somehow or other to get out of town, have to provide and pinch, to meet all the necessities, with money, money, money, at every turn, running away like water. The children, this year, seem to fit into nothing, into nowhere, and Harold's more dreadful than he has ever been,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

doing nothing at all for himself and requiring everything to be done for him. He talks about his American girl, with millions, who's so awfully taken with him, but I can't find out anything about her; the only one, just now, that people seem to have heard of is the one Bobby Manger's engaged to. The Mangers literally snap up everything," Mrs. Brook quite wailingly now continued: "the Jew man, so gigantically rich—who is he? Baron Schack or Schmack—who has just taken Cumberland House and who has the awful stammer—or what is it? no roof to his mouth—is to give that horrid little Algie, to do his conversation for him, four hundred a year, which Harold pretended to me that, of all the rush of young men—dozens!—*he* was most in the running for. Your father's settled gloom is terrible, and I bear all the brunt of it; we get literally nothing, this year, for the Hovel, yet have to spend on it heaven knows what; and everybody, for the next three months, in Scotland and everywhere, has asked us for the wrong time, and nobody for the right: so that I assure you I don't know where to turn—which doesn't, however, in the least prevent every one coming to me with their own selfish troubles." It was as if Mrs. Brook had found the cup of her secret sorrows suddenly jostled by some touch of which the perversity, though not completely noted at the moment, proved, as she a little let herself go, sufficient to make it flow over; but she drew, the next thing, from her daughter's stillness, a reflection of the vanity of her flurry, and speedily recovered herself as if in order, with more dignity, to point the moral. "I can carry my burden and shall do so to the end; but we must each remember that we shall fall to pieces if we don't manage to keep hold of some little idea of responsibility. I positively can't arrange without knowing when it is you go to him."

"To Mr. Longdon? Oh, whenever I like," Nanda replied, very gently and simply.

"And when shall you be so good as to like?"

"Well, he goes himself on Saturday, and if I want I can go a few days later."

"And what day can you go if *I* want?" Mrs. Brook spoke as with a small sharpness—just softened indeed in time—produced by the sight of a freedom on her daughter's part that suddenly loomed larger than any freedom of her own. It was still a part of the unsteadiness of the vessel of her anxieties; but she never, after all, remained publicly long subject to the influence that she often comprehensively designated to others, as well as to herself, as "nastiness." "What I mean is that you might go the same day, mightn't you?"

"With him—in the train? I should think so, if you wish it."

"But would *he* wish it? I mean would he hate it?"

"I don't think so at all, but I can easily ask him."

Mrs. Brook's head inclined to the chimney and her eyes to the window. "Easily?"

Nanda looked for a moment mystified by her mother's insistence. "I can at any rate perfectly try it."

"Remembering even that mamma would never have pushed so?"

Nanda's face seemed to concede even that condition. "Well," she at all events serenely replied, "I really think we're good friends enough for anything."

It might have been, for the light it quickly produced, exactly what her mother had been working to make her say. "What do you call that then, I should like to know, but his adopting you?"

"Ah, I don't know that it matters much what it's called."

"So long as it brings with it, you mean," Mrs. Brook asked, "all the advantages?"

"Well yes," said Nanda, who had now begun dimly to smile—"call them advantages."

Mrs. Brook had a pause. "One would be quite ready to do that if one only knew a little more exactly what you're to get by them."

"Oh, the great advantage, I feel, is doing something for *him*."

Nanda's companion, at this, hesitated afresh. "But doesn't that, my dear, put the extravagance of your surrender to him on rather an odd footing? Charity, love, begins at home, and if it's a question of merely *giving*, you've objects enough for your bounty without going so far."

The girl, as her stare showed, was held a moment by her surprise, which presently broke out. "Why, I thought you wanted me so to be nice to him!"

"Well, I hope you won't think me very vulgar," said Mrs. Brook, "if I tell you that I want you still more to have some idea of what you'll get by it. I've no wish," she added, "to keep on boring you with Mitchy—"

"Don't, don't!" Nanda pleaded.

Her mother stopped short, as if there were something in her tone that set the limit all the more utterly for being unstudied. Yet poor Mrs. Brook couldn't leave it there. "Then what do you get instead?"

"Instead of Mitchy? Oh," said Nanda, "I shall never marry."

Mrs. Brook, at this, turned away, moving over to the window with quickened weariness. Nanda, on her side, as if their talk had ended, went across to the sofa to take up her parasol before leaving the room, an impulse rather favored than arrested by the arrival of her brother Harold, who came in at the moment both his relatives had turned a back to the door, and who gave his sister, as she faced him, a greeting that made their mother look round. "Hallo, Nan—you *are* lovely! Ain't she lovely, mother?"

"No!" Mrs. Brook answered, not, however, otherwise noticing him. Her domestic despair centred at this instant all in her daughter. "Well then, we shall consider—your father and I—that he must take the consequence."

Nanda had now her hand on the door, while Harold had dropped on the sofa. "'He'?" she just sounded.

"I mean Mr. Longdon."

"And what do you mean by the consequence?"

"Well, it will do for the beginning of it that you'll please go down *with* him."

"On Saturday then? Thanks, mamma," the girl returned.

She was instantly gone, on which Mrs. Brook had more attention for her son. This, after an instant, as she approached the sofa and raised her eyes from the little table beside it, came straight out. "Where in the world is that five-pound note?"

Harold looked vacantly about him. "What five-pound note?"

XXIV.

Mr. Longdon's garden took in three acres and, full of charming features, had for its greatest wonder the extent and color of its old brick wall, of which the pink and purple surface was the fruit of the mild ages, and the protective function, for a visitor strolling, sitting, talking, reading, that of a sort of nurse of reverie. The air of the place, in the August time, thrilled all the while with the bliss of birds, the hum of little lives unseen, and the flicker of white butterflies. It was on the large, flat enclosed lawn that Nanda spoke to Vanderbank of the three weeks that she would have completed there on the morrow, and that had been—she made no secret of it—the happiest she had yet spent anywhere. The grayish day was soft and still and the sky faintly marbled, while the more newly arrived of the visitors from London, who had come late on the Friday afternoon, lounged away the morning in an attitude of which every relaxed line referred to the holiday he had, as it were—at first merely looking about and victualling—sat down in front of as a captain before a city. There were sitting-places out of the full light, cushioned benches, just there, in the thick wide spread of old mulberry boughs, and a large book of facts lay in the young man's lap. Nanda had come out to him, half an hour before luncheon, somewhat as Beatrice came out to Benedick: not to call him immediately, indeed, to the meal, but mentioning promptly that she had come at a bidding. Mr. Longdon had rebuked her, it appeared, for her want of attention to their guest, showing her in this way, to her pleasure, how far he had gone toward taking her, as he called it, into the house.

"You've been thinking of yourself," Vanderbank asked, "as a mere clerk at a salary, and you now find that you're a partner and have a share in the concern?"

"It seems to be something like that. But doesn't a partner put in something? What have I put in?"

"Well—*me*, for one thing. Isn't it your being here that has brought me down?"

"Do you mean you wouldn't have come for him alone? Then don't you make anything of his attraction? You ought to," said Nanda, "when he likes you so."

Vanderbank, longing for a river, was in white flannels, and he took her question with a happy laugh, a handsome face of good-humor, that completed the effect of his long, cool fairness. "Do you mind my just sitting still, and letting me smoke, and staying with me awhile? Perhaps after a little we'll walk about—sha'n't we? But face to face with this dear old house, in this delicious nook, one is too contented to move, lest raising a finger even should break the spell. What *will* be perfect will be your just sitting down—*do* sit down—and scolding me a little. That, my dear Nanda, will deepen the peace." Some minutes later, while, near him but in another chair, she fingered the impossible book, as she pronounced it, that she had taken from him, he came back to what she had last said. "Has he talked to you much about his 'liking' me?"

Nanda waited a minute, turning over the book. "No."

"Then how are you just now so struck with it?"

"I'm not struck only with what I'm talked to about. I don't only know," she went on, "what people tell me."

"Ah no—you're too much your mother's daughter for that." Vanderbank leaned back and smoked, and though all his air seemed to say that when one was so at ease for gossip almost any subject would do, he kept jogging his foot with the same small nervous motion as during the half-hour at Mertle that this record has commemorated. "You're too much one of us all," he continued. "We've tremendous perceptions," he laughed. "Of course I *should* have come for him. But after all," he added as if all sorts of nonsense would equally serve, "he mightn't, except for you, you know, have asked me."

Nanda so far accepted this view as to reply: "That's awfully weak. He's so modest that he might have been afraid of your boring yourself."

"That's just what I mean."

"Well, if you do," Nanda returned, "the explanation's a little conceited."

"Oh, I only made it," Vanderbank said, "in reference to his modesty." Beyond the lawn the house was before him, old, square, red-roofed, well assured of its right to the place it took up in the world. This was a considerable space—in the little world, at least, of Beccles—and the look of possession had everywhere mixed with it, in the form of old windows and doors, the tone of old red surfaces, the style of old white facings, the age of old high creepers, the long confirmation of time. Suggestive of panelled rooms, of precious mahogany, of portraits of women dead, of colored china glimmering through glass doors, and delicate silver reflected on bared tables, the thing was one of those impressions of a particular period that it takes two centuries to produce. "Fancy," the young man incoherently exclaimed, "his caring to leave anything so lovable as all this to come up and live with *us!*"

The girl, for a little, also lost herself. "Oh, you don't know what it is—the charm comes out so as one stays. Little by little it grows and grows. There are old things everywhere that are too delightful. He lets me explore so—he lets me rummage and rifle; and every day I make discoveries."

Vanderbank wondered as he smoked. "You mean he lets you take things—?"

"Oh yes—up to my room, to study or to copy. There are old patterns that are too dear for anything. It's when you live with them, you see, that you know. Everything in the place is such good company."

"Your mother ought to be here," Vanderbank presently suggested. "She's so fond of good company." Then as Nanda answered nothing he went on: "Was your grandmother ever?"

"Never," the girl promptly said. "Never," she repeated in a tone quite different. After which she added: "I'm the only one."

"Oh, and I. 'Me and you,' as they say," her companion amended.

"Yes, and Mr. Mitchy, who's to come down—please don't forget—this afternoon."

Vanderbank had another of his contemplative pauses. "Thank you for reminding me. I shall spread myself as much as possible before he comes—try to produce so much of my effect that I shall be safe. But what did Mr. Longdon ask him for?"

"Ah," said Nanda gayly, "what did he ask *you* for?"

"Why, for the reason you just now mentioned—that his interest in me is so uncontrollable."

"Then isn't his interest in Mitchy—"

"Of the same general order?" Vanderbank broke in. "Not in the least." He seemed to look for a way to express the distinction, which suddenly occurred to him. "He wasn't in love with Mitchy's mother."

"No"—Nanda turned it over. "Mitchy's mother, it appears, was awful. Mr. Cashmore knew her."

Vanderbank's smoke-puffs were profuse and his pauses frequent. "Awful to Mr. Cashmore? I'm glad to hear it—he must have deserved it. But I believe in her, all the same. Mitchy's often awful himself," the young man rambled on. "Just so I believe in *him*."

"So do I," said Nanda—"and that's why I asked him."

"'*You* asked him, my dear child? Have you the inviting?"

"Oh yes."

The eyes he turned on her seemed really to ask if she jested or were serious. "So you arranged for me too?"

She turned over again a few leaves of his book and, closing it with something of a clap, transferred it to the bench beside him—a movement in which, as if through a drop into thought, he rendered her no assistance. "What I mean is that I proposed it to Mr. Longdon, I suggested he should be asked. I've a reason for seeing him—I want to talk to him. And do you know," the girl went on, "what Mr. Longdon said?"

"Something splendid, of course."

"He asked if you wouldn't perhaps dislike his being here with you."

Vanderbank, throwing back his head, laughed, smoked, jogged his foot more than ever. "Awfully nice. Dear old Mitch! How little afraid of him you are!"

Nanda wondered. "Of Mitch?"

"Yes, of the tremendous pull he really has. It's all very well to talk—he *has* it. But of course I don't mean I don't know"—and, as with the effect of his nervous sociability, he shifted his position. "I perfectly see that you're *not* afraid. I perfectly know what you have in your head. I should never in the least dream of accusing you—as far as *he* is concerned—of the least disposition to flirt; any more indeed," Vanderbank pleasantly pursued, "than even of any general tendency of that sort. No, my dear Nanda"—he kindly kept it up—"I *will* say for you that, though a girl, thank heaven, and awfully *much* a girl, you're really not, on the whole, more of a flirt than a respectable social ideal permits."

"Thank you most tremendously," his companion quietly replied.

Something in the tone of it made him laugh out, and the particular sound went well with all the rest of it, with the August day and the charming spot and the young man's lounging figure and Nanda's own little hovering hospitality. "Of course I strike you as patronizing you with unconscious sublimity. Well, that's all right, for what's the most natural thing to do in these conditions but the most luxurious? Won't Mitchy be wonderful for feeling and enjoying them? I assure you I'm delighted he's coming." Then, in a different tone, a moment later, "Do you expect to be here long?" he asked.

It took Nanda some time to say. "As long as Mr. Longdon will keep me, I suppose—if that doesn't sound very horrible."

"Oh, he'll keep you! Only, won't he himself," Vanderbank went on, "be coming up to town in the course of the autumn?"

"Well, in that case I would perfectly stay here without him."

"And leave him in London without *you?* Ah, that's not what we want: he wouldn't be at all the same thing without you. Least of all for himself!" Vanderbank declared.

Nanda again thought. "Yes, that's what makes him funny, I suppose—his curious infatuation. I set him off—what do you call it?—show him off: by his going round and round me as the acrobat on the horse, in the circus, goes round the clown. He has said a great deal to me of your mother," she irrelevantly added.

"Oh, everything that's kind, of course—or you wouldn't mention it."

"That's what I mean," said Nanda.

"I see, I see—most charming of him." Vanderbank kept his high head thrown back, as if for the view, with a bright, equal, general interest, of everything that was before them, whether talked of or seen. "Who do you think I yesterday had a letter from? An extraordinary funny one from Harold. He gave me all the family news."

"And what *is* the family news?" the girl after a minute inquired.

"Well, the first great item is that he himself—"

"Wanted," Nanda broke in, "to borrow five pounds of you? I say that," she added, "because if he wrote to you—"

"It couldn't have been, in such a case, for the simple pleasure of the intercourse?" Vanderbank hesitated, but continued not to look at her. "What do you know, pray, of poor Harold's borrowings?"

"Oh, I know as I know other things. Don't I know everything?"

"*Do* you, I should rather ask," the young man gayly enough replied.

"Why should I not? How should I not? You know what I know." Then, as if to explain herself and attenuate a little the sudden emphasis with which she had spoken: "I remember your once telling me that I must take in things at my pores."

Her companion stared, but, with his laugh, again changed his posture. "That you '*must*'—?"

"That I *do*—and you were quite right."

"And when did I make this extraordinary charge?"

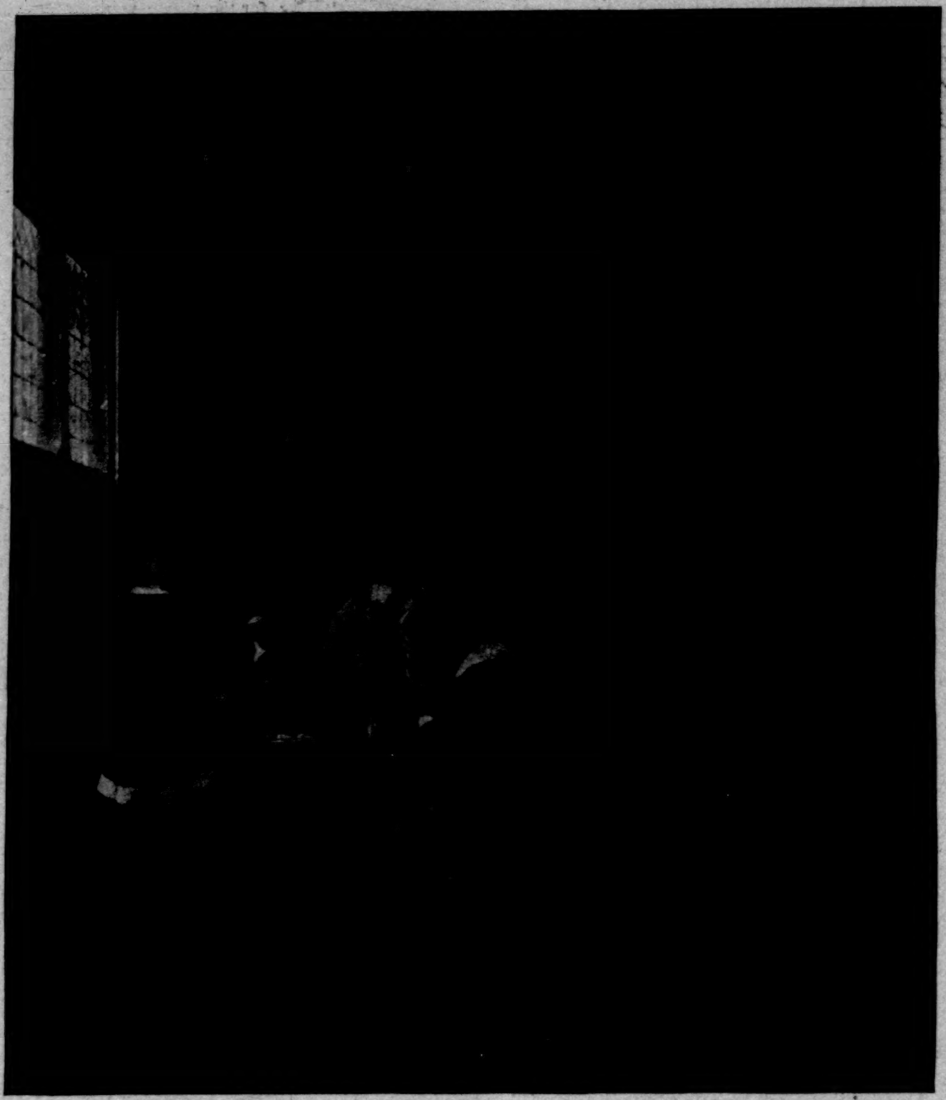
"Ah then," said Nanda, "you admit it *is* a charge. It was a long time ago—when I was a little girl. Which made it worse!" she dropped.

It made it, at all events, now, for Vanderbank, more amusing. "Ah, not worse—better!"

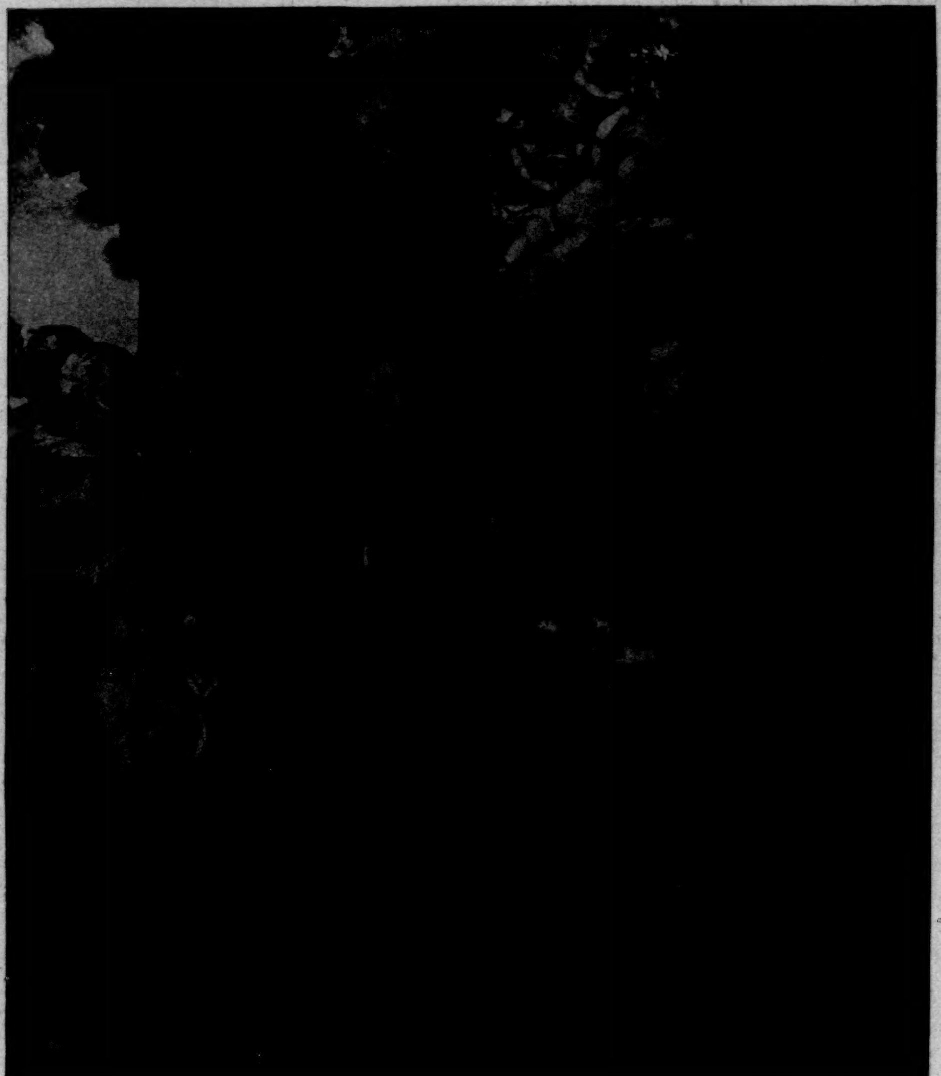
She thought a moment. "Because in that case I mightn't have understood? But that I do understand is just what you've always meant."

"'Always,' my dear Nanda? I feel somehow," he rejoined very kindly, "as if you overwhelmed me!"

"You 'feel' as if I did—but the reality is just that I don't. The day I overwhelm you, Mr. Van—!" She let it pass, however; there was too much to say about it, and



"INTÉRIEUR HOLLANDAIS."—PIETER DE HOOGHE.—BY COURTESY OF H. O. HAVEMEYER, OWNER.



"SAN DIEGO OF ALCALA SURPRISED BY THE GUARDIAN OF HIS CONVENT—THE MIRACLE OF THE FLOWERS."—MURILLO.—OWNED BY CHARLES B. CURTIS.

JAMES STUART, DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX.—A
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ART TREASURES IN NEW YORK—
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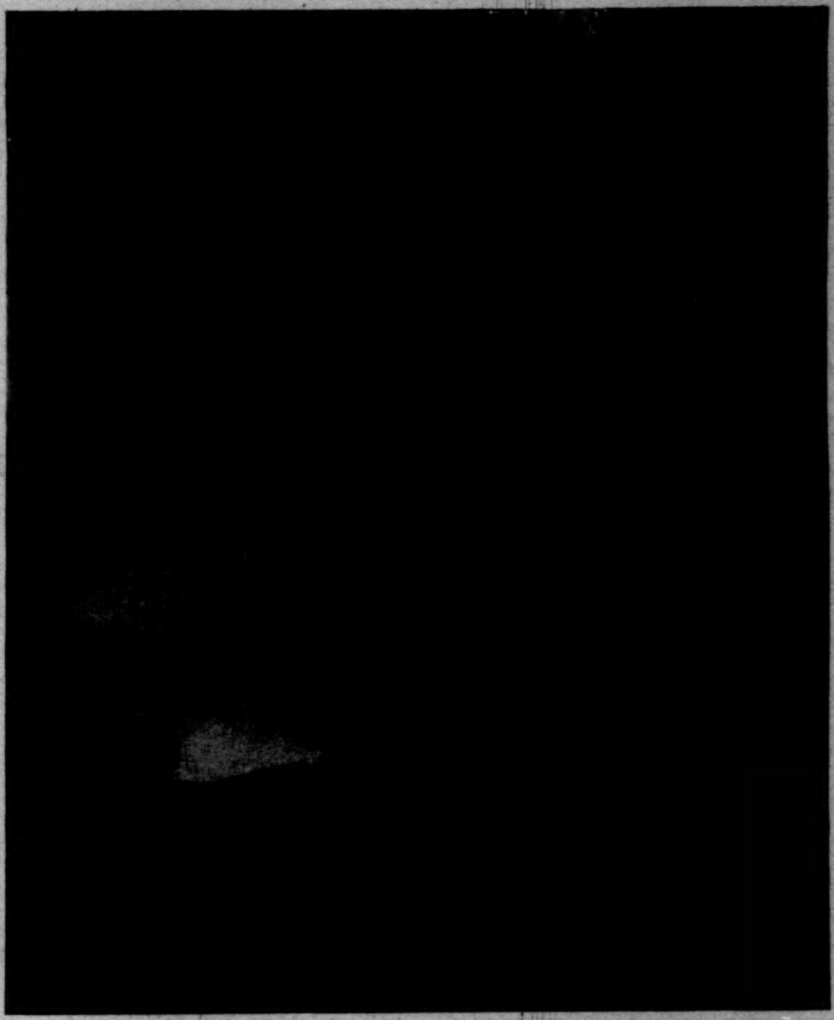
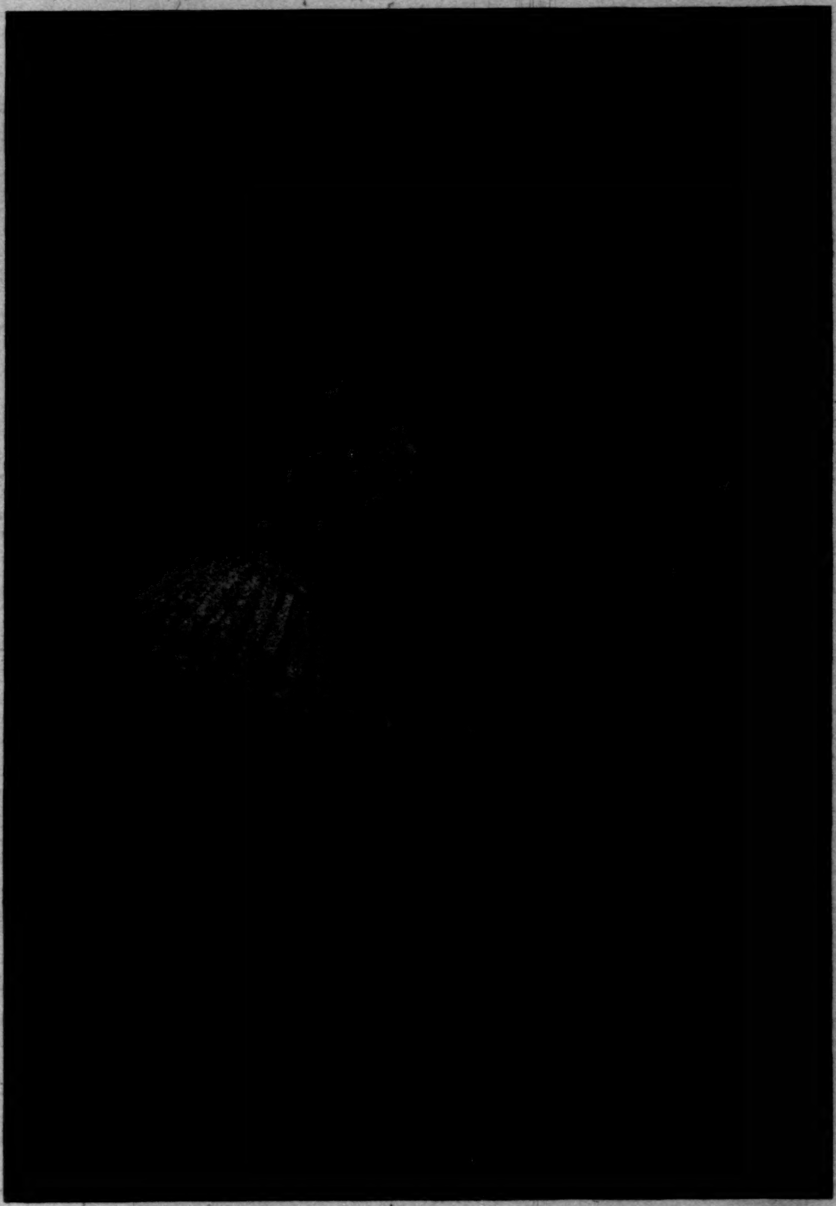
NOX.—Antony Vandyck.—Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Henry G. Marquand.



"DANSE DES AMOURS."—Corot.—Owned by George J. Gould.



"THE GILDER."—Rembrandt.—Owned by H. O. Havemeyer.

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[See Page 1183.]

there was something else much simpler. "Girls understand now. It has got to be faced, as Tishy says."

"Oh well," Vanderbank laughed, "we don't require Tishy to point that out to us. What are we all doing, most of the time, but trying to face it?"

"Doing? Aren't you doing rather something very different? You're just trying to dodge it. You're trying to make believe—not perhaps to yourselves, but to *us*—that it isn't so."

"But surely you don't want us to be any worse!"

She shook her head with brisk gravity. "We don't care really, what you are."

His amusement now dropped to her straighter. "Your 'we' is awfully beautiful. It's charming to hear you speak for the whole lovely lot. Only you speak, you know, as if you were just the class apart that you yet complain of our—by our scruples—implying you to be."

She considered this objection with her eyes on his face. "Well then, we do care. Only—"

"Only it's a big subject."

"Oh, yes—no doubt; it's a big subject." She appeared to wish to meet him on everything reasonable. "Even Mr. Longdon admits that."

Vanderbank wondered. "You mean you talk over with him—"

"The subject of girls? Why, we scarcely discuss anything else."

"Oh, no wonder, then, you're not bored. But you mean," Vanderbank asked, "that he recognizes the inevitable change—?"

"He can't shut his eyes to the facts. He sees we're quite a different thing."

"I dare say"—her friend was fully appreciative. "Yet the old thing—what do *you* know of it?"

"I personally? Well, I've seen some change even in *my* short life. And aren't the old books full of us? Then Mr. Longdon himself has told me."

Vanderbank smoked and smoked. "You've gone into it with him?"

"As far as a man and a woman can together."

As he took her in at this, with a turn of his eye, he might have had in his ears the echo of all the times it had been dropped in Buckingham Crescent that Nanda was "wonderful." She *was* indeed. "Oh, he's of course, on certain sides, shy."

"Awfully—too beautifully. And then there's Aggie," the girl pursued. "I mean for the real old thing."

"Yes, no doubt—if she *be* the real old thing. But what the deuce, really, *is* Aggie?"

"Well," said Nanda with the frankest interest, "she's a miracle. If one could be her exactly, absolutely, without the least little mite of change, one would probably do the best thing to close with it. Otherwise—except for anything *but* that—I'd rather brazen it out as myself."

There fell between them, on this, a silence of some minutes, after which it would probably not have been possible for either to say if their eyes had met while it lasted. This was, at any rate, not the case as Vanderbank at last exclaimed: "Your brass, my dear young lady, is pure gold!"

"Then it's of me, I think, that Harold ought to borrow."

"You mean therefore that mine isn't?" Vanderbank inquired.

"Well, you really haven't any natural 'cheek'—not like *some* of them. You're, in yourself, as uneasy, if anything's said and every one giggles or makes some face, as Mr. Longdon, and if Lord Petherton hadn't once told me that a man hates almost as much to be called modest as a woman does, I would say that, very often, in London now, you must pass some bad moments."

The present might precisely have been one of them, we should doubtless have gathered, had we seen fully recorded in Vanderbank's face the degree to which this prompt response embarrassed, or at least stupefied him. But he could always laugh. "I like your 'in London now'!"

"It's the tone and the current and the effect of all the others that push you along," she went on as if she had not heard him. "If such things are contagious, as every one says, you prove it perhaps as much as any one. But you don't begin"—she continued, blandly enough, to work it out for him; "or you can't, at least, originally have begun. Any one would know that now—from the terrific effect I see I produce on you by talking this way. There it is—it's all out before one knows it, isn't it, and I can't help it any more than you can, can I?" So she appeared to put it to him, with something in her lucidity that would have been infinitely touching; a strange, grave, calm consciousness of their common doom and of what, in especial, in it, would be worst for herself. He sprang up indeed, after an instant, as if he had been infinitely touched; he turned away, taking, just near her, a few steps to and fro, gazed about the place again, but this time without the air of particularly seeing it, and then came back to her as if from a greater distance. An observer at all initiated would, at the juncture, fairly have hung on his lips, and there was in fact on Vanderbank's part quite the look of the man—though it lasted but just while we seize it—in suspense about himself. The most initiated observer of all would have been poor Mr. Longdon, who would now have been destined, however, to be also the most defeated, and the sign of whose tension would have been a smothered "Ah, if he doesn't do it *now!*" Well, Vanderbank didn't do it "now," and the long, odd, irrelevant sigh that he gave out might have sufficed as the record of his recovery from a peril lasting just long enough to be measured. Had there been any measure of it, meanwhile, for Nanda? There was nothing at least to show either the presence or the relief of anxiety in the way in which, by a prompt transition, she left her last appeal to him simply to take care of itself. "You haven't denied that Harold does borrow."

Vanderbank gave a note as of cheer for this luckily firmer ground. "My dear child. I never lent the silly boy five pounds in my life. In fact, I like the way you talk of that. I don't know, quite, for what you take me, but the number of persons to whom I *have* lent five pounds—"

"Is so awfully small"—she took him up on it—"as not to look so very well for you?" She held him an instant as with the fine intelligence of his meaning in this, and then, though not with sharpness, she broke out: "Why are you trying to make out that you're nasty and stingy? Why do you misrepresent—"

"My natural generosity? I don't misrepresent anything, but I take, I think, rather markedly good care of money." She had remained in her place and he was before her on the grass, his hands in his pockets and his manner perhaps a little awkward. "The way you young things talk of it!"

"Harold talks of it—but I don't think *I* do. I'm not a bit expensive—ask mother, or even ask father. I do with awfully little—for clothes and things, and I could easily do with still less. Harold's a born consumer, as Mitchy says; he says also he's one of those people who will never really want."

"Ah, for that, Mitchy himself will never let him."

"Well then, with every one helping us, all round, aren't we a lovely family? I don't speak of it to tell tales, but when you mention hearing from Harold all sorts of things immediately come over me. We seem to be all living more or less on other people, all immensely 'beholden.' You can easily say, of course, that I'm the worst of all. The children and their people, at Bognor, are in borrowed quarters—mother got them lent her—as to which, no doubt, I'm perfectly aware that I ought to be there sharing them, taking care of my little brother and sister, instead of sitting here, at Mr. Longdon's expense, to expose everything and criticise. Father and mother, in Scotland, are on a programme of places—! Well"—she pulled herself up—"I'm not in *that*, at any rate. Say you've lent Harold only five shillings," she went on.

Vanderbank stood smiling. "Well, say I have. I never lend any one whatever more."

"It only adds to my conviction," Nanda explained, "that he writes to Mr. Longdon."

"But if Mr. Longdon doesn't say so—?" Vanderbank objected.

"Oh, that proves nothing." She got up as she spoke. "Harold also works Granny." He only laughed out, at first, at this, while she went on: "You'll think I make myself out fearfully deep—I mean in the way of knowing everything without having to be told. That *is*, as you say, mamma's great accomplishment, so it must be hereditary. Besides, there seem to me only too many things one is told. Only Mr. Longdon has in fact said nothing."

She had looked about responsibly, as if not to leave in disorder the garden nook they had occupied, picking up a newspaper and changing the place of a cushion. "I do think that with him you're remarkable," Vanderbank observed—"putting on one side all you seem to know and on the other all he holds his tongue about. What then *does* he say?" the young man asked after a slight pause and perhaps even with a slight irritation.

Nanda glanced round again—she was folding, rather carefully, her paper. Presently her glance met their friend, who, having come out of one of the long windows that opened to the lawn, had stopped there to watch them. "He says just now that luncheon's ready."

XXV.

"I've made him," Nanda said, in the drawing-room, to Mitchy, "make Mr. Van go with him."

Mr. Longdon, in the rain, which had come on since the morning, had betaken himself to church, and his other guest, with sufficiently marked good-humor, had borne him company. The windows of the drawing-room looked at the wet garden, all vivid and rich in the summer shower, and Mitchy, after seeing Vanderbank turn up his trousers and fling back a last answer to the not quite sincere chaff his submission had engendered, adopted freely and familiarly the prospect not only of a grateful, freshened lawn, but of a good hour in the very pick, as he called it, of his actual happy conditions. The favoring rain, the dear old place, the charming, serious house, the large inimitable room the absence of the others, the present vision of what his young friend had given him to count on—the sense of these delights was expressed in his fixed, generous glare. He was at first too pleased even to sit down; he measured the great space from end to end, admiring again everything he had admired before and protesting afresh that no modern ingenuity—not even his own, to which he did justice—could create effects of such purity. The final touch in all the picture before them was just the painter's ignorance. Mr. Longdon had not made his house, he had simply lived it, and the "taste" of the place—Mitchy in certain connections abominated the word—was nothing more than the beauty of his life. Everything, on every side, had dropped straight from heaven, with nowhere a bargaining thumb-mark, a single sign of the shop. All this would have been a wonderful theme for discourse in Buckingham Crescent—so happy an exercise for the votaries of that temple of analysis that he repeatedly spoke of their experience of it as crying aloud for Mrs. Brook. The questions it set in motion for the perceptive mind were exactly those that, as he said, most made them feel themselves. Vanderbank's plea for his morning had been a pile of letters to work off, and Mitchy—then coming down, as he announced from the first, ready for anything—had gone to church with Mr. Longdon and Nanda in the finest spirit of curiosity. He now—after the girl's remark—turned away from his view of the rain, which he found different somehow from other rain, as everything else was different, and replied that he knew well enough what she could make Mr. Longdon do, but only wondered at Mr. Longdon's secret for acting on their friend. He was there before her with his hands in his pockets and appreciation winking from every yellow spot of his red neck-tie. "Afternoon service, of a wet Sunday in a small country town, is a large order. Does Van do everything the proprietor wants?"

"He may perhaps have had a suspicion of what *I* want," Nanda explained. "If I want particularly to talk to you—"

"He has got out of the way to give me a chance? Well then, he's, as usual, simply magnificent." How can I express the bliss of finding myself enclosed with you in this sweet old security, this really unimagined sanctity? Nothing is more charming than suddenly to come across something sharp and fresh after we've thought there was nothing more that could draw from us a groan. We've supposed we've had it all, have squeezed the last impression out of the last disappointment, penetrated to the last familiarity in the last surprise; then some fine day we find that we haven't done justice to life. There are little things that pop up and make us feel again. What *may* happen is after all incalculable. There's just a little chuck of the dice, and for three minutes we win. These, my dear young lady, are my three minutes. You wouldn't believe the amusement I get from them, and how can I possibly tell you? There's a faint, divine old fragrance here in the room—or doesn't it perhaps reach you? I sha'n't have lived without it, but I see now I had been afraid I should. You, on your side, won't have lived without some touch of greatness. This moment is great, and you've produced it. You were great when you felt all you *could* produce. Therefore," Mitchy went on, pausing once more, as he walked, before a picture, "I won't pull the whole thing down by the vulgarity of wishing that I too had a first-rate Cotman."

"Have you given up some *very* big thing to come?" Nanda inquired.

"What in the world is very big, my child, but the beauty of this hour? I haven't the least idea *what*, when I got Mr. Longdon's note, I gave up. Don't ask me for an account of anything; everything went—became imperceptible. I *will* say that for myself: I shed my badness, I do forget people, with a facility that makes me, for bits, for little patches, so far as they are concerned, cease to *be*; so that my life is spotted all over with momentary states in which I'm as the dead of whom nothing is said but good." He had strolled toward her again while she smiled at him. "I've died for this, Nanda."

"The only difficulty I see," she presently replied, "is that you ought to marry a woman really clever, and that I'm not quite sure what there may be of that in Aggie."

"In Aggie?" her friend echoed very gently. "Is *that* what you've sent for me for—to talk about Aggie?"

"Didn't it occur to you it might be?"

"That it couldn't possibly, you mean, be anything else?" He looked about for the place in which it would express the deepest surrender to the scene to sit, then sank down with a beautiful prompt submission. "I've no idea of what occurred to me—nothing at least but the sense that I had occurred to *you*. The occurrence is clay in the hands of the potter. Do with me what you will."

"You appreciate everything so wonderfully," Nanda said, "that it oughtn't to be hard for you to appreciate *her*. I do dream so that you may save her; and that's why I haven't waited."

"The only thing that remains to me in life," he answered, "is a certain accessibility to the thought of what I may still do to figure a little in your eye; but that's precisely a thought you may assist to become clearer. You may for instance give me some pledge or sign that if I do figure—prance and caracole and sufficiently kick up the dust—your eye won't suffer itself to be distracted from me. I think there's no adventure I'm not ready to undertake for you; yet my passion—chastened, through all this, purified, austere—is still enough of this world not wholly to have renounced the fancy of some small reward."

"How small?" the girl asked.

She spoke as if feeling that she must take from him, in common kindness, at least as much as she would make him take, and the serious, anxious patience such a consciousness gave to her tone was met by Mitchy with a charmed reasonableness that his habit of hyperbole did nothing to misrepresent. He glowed at her with the fullest recognition that there was something he was there to discuss with her, but with the assurance in every soft sound of him that no height to which she might lift the discussion would be too great for him to reach. His every cadence and every motion was an implication, as from one to the other, of the exquisite. Oh, he could sustain it! "Well, I mean the establishment of something between us. I mean your arranging somehow that we shall be drawn more together—know together something nobody else knows. I should like so terrifically to have a secret with you."

"Oh, if that's all you want, you can be easily gratified. *Rien de plus facile*, as mamma says. I'm full of secrets—I think I'm really most secretive. I'll share almost any one of them with you—that is if it's a good one."

Mitchy hesitated. "You mean you'll choose it yourself? You won't let it be one of mine?"

Nanda wondered. "But what's the difference?"

Her companion jumped up again, and for a moment pervaded the place. "When you say such things as that, you're of a beauty—! *May* it," he asked as he stopped before her, "be one of mine—a perfectly awful one?"

She showed her clearest interest. "As I suppose the most awful secrets are the best—yes, certainly."

"I'm hideously tempted." But he hung fire; then dropping into his chair again: "It would be too bad. I'm afraid I can't."

"Then why won't *this* do, just as it is?"

"'This'?" He looked over the big bland room. "Which?"

"Why, what you're here for."

"My dear child, I'm here—most of all—to love you more than ever; and there's an absence of favoring mystery about *that*—"

She looked at him as if seeing what he meant and only asking to remedy it. "There's a certain amount of mystery we can now *make*—that it strikes me in fact we *must* make. Dear Mitchy," she continued almost with eagerness, "I don't think we *can* really tell."

He had fallen back in his chair, not looking at her now, and with his hands, from his supported elbows, clasped to keep himself more quiet. "Are you still talking about Aggie?"

"Why, I've scarcely begun!"

"Oh!" It was not irritation he appeared to express, but the slight strain of an effort to get into relation with the subject. Better to focus the image he closed his eyes awhile.

"You speak of something that may draw us together, and I simply reply that if you don't feel how near together we are in this I shouldn't imagine you ever would. You must have wonderful notions," she presently went on, "of the ideal state of union. I pack every one off for you—I banish everything that can interfere, and I don't in the least mind your knowing that I find the consequence delightful. *You* may talk, if you like, of what will have passed between us, but I shall never mention it to a soul; literally not to a living creature. What do you want more than that?" He opened his eyes in deference to the question, but replied only with a gaze as unassisted as if it had come through a hole in a curtain. "You say you're ready for an adventure, and it's just an adventure that I propose. If I can make you feel for yourself as I feel *for* you, the beauty of your chance to go in and save her—"

"Well, if you can?"—Mitchy at last broke in. "I don't think, you know," he said after a moment, "you'll find it easy to make your two ends meet."

She thought a little longer. "One of the ends is yours, so that you'll act *with* me. If I wind you up so that you go—"

"You'll just happily sit and watch me? *That* will be my reward?"

Nanda, on this, rose from her chair as with the impulse of protest. "Sha'n't you care for my gratitude, my admiration?"

"Oh yes"—Mitchy seemed to muse. "I shall care for *them*. But I don't quite see, you know, what you *owe* to Aggie. It isn't as if—" But with this he faltered.

"As if she cared particularly for *me?* Ah, that has nothing to do with it; that's a thing without which, surely, it's but too possible to be exquisite. There are beautiful, quite beautiful people who don't care for me. The thing that's important to one is the thing one sees one's self, and it's quite enough if *I* see what can be made of that child. Marry her, Mitchy, and you'll see who she'll care for!"

Mitchy kept his position; he was for the moment—his image of shortly before reversed—the one who appeared to sit happily and watch. "It's too delicious your asking me anything whatever!"

"Well then, as I say, beautifully, grandly save her."

"As you say, yes"—he sympathetically inclined his head. "But without making me feel exactly what you mean by it."

"Keep her," Nanda returned, "from becoming like the Duchess."

"But she isn't a bit like the Duchess in any of her elements. She's a totally different thing."

It was only for an instant, however, that this objection seemed to count. "That's exactly why she'll be so perfect for you. You'll get her away—take her out of her aunt's life?"

Mitchy met it all now in a sort of spellbound stillness. "What do you know about her aunt's life?"

"Oh, I know everything!" She spoke with her first faint shade of impatience.

It produced for a little a hush between them, at the end of which her companion said with extraordinary gentleness and tenderness: "Dear old Nanda!" Her own silence appeared consciously to continue, and the suggestion of it might have been that for intelligent ears there was nothing to add to the declaration she had just made and which Mitchy sat there taking in as with a new light. What he drew from it indeed he presently went on to show. "You're too awfully interesting. Of course—you know a lot. How shouldn't you—and why?"

"'Why'? Oh, that's another affair! But you don't imagine what I know; I'm sure it's much more than you've a notion of. That's the kind of thing, now, one *is*—just except the little marvel of Aggie. What on earth," the girl pursued, "do you take us for?"

"Oh, it's all right!" breathed Mitchy, divinely pacific.

"I'm sure I don't know whether it is; I shouldn't wonder if it were in fact all wrong. But what at least is certainly right is for one not to pretend anything else. There I am for you, at any rate. Now the beauty of Aggie is that she knows nothing—but absolutely, utterly: not the least little tittle of anything."

It was barely visible that Mitchy hesitated, and he spoke quite gravely. "Have you tried her?"

"Oh yes. And Tishy has." His gravity had been less than Nanda's. "Nothing, nothing." The memory of some scene or some passage might have come back to her with a charm. "Ah, say what you will—it *is* the way we ought to be!"

Mitchy, after a minute of much intensity, had stopped watching her; changing his posture and with his elbows on his knees, he dropped for a while his face into his hands. Then he jerked himself to his feet. "There's something I wish awfully I could say to you. But I can't."

Nanda with a slow head-shake, covered him with one of the dimmest of her smiles. "You needn't say it. I know perfectly which it is." She held him an instant, after which she went on: "It's simply that you wish me fully to understand that *you're* one who, in perfect sincerity, doesn't mind one straw how awful—"

"Yes, how awful?" He had kindled, as she paused, with his new eagerness.

"Well, one's knowledge may be. It doesn't shock in you a single hereditary prejudice."

"Oh, 'hereditary'—!" Mitchy ecstatically murmured.

"You even rather like me the better for it; so that one of the reasons why you couldn't have told me—though not, of course, I know, the only one—is that you would have been literally almost ashamed. Because, you know," she went on, "it *is* strange."

"My lack of hereditary—?"

"Yes, discomfort in the presence of the fact I speak of. There's a kind of sense you don't possess."

His appreciation again fairly goggled at her. "Oh, you do know everything!"

"You're so good that nothing shocks you," she lucidly persisted. "There's a kind of delicacy you haven't got."

He was more and more struck. "I've only that—as it were—of the skin and the fingers?" he appealed.

"Oh, and that of the mind. And that of the soul. And some other kinds, certainly. But not *the* kind."

"Yes"—he wondered—"I suppose that's the only way one can name it." It appeared to rise there before him. "*The* kind!"

"The kind that would make me painful to you. Or rather not me perhaps," she added as if to create between them the fullest possible light; "but my situation, my exposure—all the results of them that I show. Doesn't one become a sort of a little drain-pipe with everything flowing through?"

"Why don't you call it more gracefully," Mitchy asked, freshly struck, "a little æolian-harp set in the drawing-room window and vibrating in the breeze of conversation?"

"Oh, because the harp gives out a sound, and *we*—at least we try to—give out none."

"What you take, you mean, you keep?"

"Well, it sticks to us. And that's what you don't mind!"

Their eyes met long on it. "Yes—I see. I *don't* mind. I've the most extraordinary lacunæ."

"Oh, I don't know about others," Nanda replied; "I haven't noticed them. But you've that one, and it's enough."

He continued to face her with his queer mixture of assent and speculation. "Enough, my dear, for what? To have made me impossible for you because the only man you could, as they say, have 'respected' would be a man who *would* have minded?" Then as under the cool, soft pressure of the question she looked at last away from him: "The man with '*the* kind,' as you call it, happens to be just the type you *can* love? But what's the use," he persisted as she answered nothing, "in loving a person with the prejudice—hereditary or other—to which you're precisely obnoxious? Do you positively *like* to love in vain?"

It was a question, the way she turned back to him seemed to say, that deserved a responsible answer. "Yes."

But she had moved off after speaking, and Mitchy's eyes followed her to different parts of the room as, with small pretexts of present attention to it, small touches for symmetry, she slowly measured it. "What's extraordinary then is your idea of my finding any charm in Aggie's ignorance."

She immediately put down an old snuff-box. "Why, it's the one sort of thing you don't know. You can't imagine," she said as she returned to him, "the effect it will produce on you. You must get really near it and see it all come out to feel all its beauty. You'll like it, Mitchy"—and Nanda's gravity was wonderful—"better than anything you *have* known."

The clear sincerity of this, even had there been nothing else, imposed a consideration that Mitchy now flagrantly could give, and the deference of his suggestion of difficulty only grew more deep. "I'm to do then, with this happy condition of hers, what you say *you've* done—to try it?" And then as her assent, so directly challenged, failed an instant: "But won't my approach to it, however cautious, be just what will break it up and spoil it?"

Nanda thought. "Why so—if mine wasn't?"

"Oh, you're not me!"

"But I'm just as bad."

"Thank you, my dear!" Mitchy rang out.

"Without," Nanda pursued, "being as good." She had, on this, in a different key, her own sudden explosion. "Don't you see, Mitchy dear—for the very heart of it all—how good I *believe* you?"

She had spoken as with a flare of impatience at some justice he failed to do her, and this brought him, after a startled instant, close enough to her to take up her hand. She let him have it, and, in mute, solemn reassurance, he raised it to his lips, saying to her thus more things than he could say in any other way; which yet, just after, when he had released it and a motionless pause had ensued, didn't prevent him from adding three words. "Oh, Nanda, Nanda!"

The tone of them made her again extraordinarily gentle. "Don't 'try' anything then. Take everything for granted."

He had turned away from her and walked mechanically, with his air of blind emotion, to the window, where, for a minute, he looked out. "It has stopped raining," he said at last: "it's going to brighten."

The place had three windows, and Nanda went to the next. "Not quite yet—but I think it *will*."

Mitchy soon faced back into the room, where, after a brief hesitation, he moved, as quietly—almost as cautiously—as if on tiptoe, to the seat occupied by his companion at the beginning of their talk. Here he sank down, watching the girl, who stood awhile longer with her eyes on the garden. "You want me, you say, to take her out of the Duchess's life; but where am I myself, if we come to that, but even more *in* the Duchess's life than Aggie is? I'm in it by my contacts, my associations, my indifferences—all my acceptances, knowledges, amusements. I'm in it by my cynicisms—those that circumstances somehow from the first, when I began, for myself, to look at life and the world, committed me to and steeped me in; I'm in it by a kind of desperation that I shouldn't have felt perhaps if you had got hold of me sooner with just this touch with which you've got hold of me to-day; and I'm in it, more than all—you'll yourself admit—by the very fact that her aunt desires, as you know, much more even than you do, to bring the thing about. Then we *should* be—the Duchess and I—shoulder to shoulder!"

Nanda heard him, motionless, to the end, taking also another minute to turn over what he had said. "What is it you like so in Lord Petherton?" she asked as she came to him.

"My dear child, if you could only tell me! It would be, wouldn't it?—it must have been—the subject of some fairy-tale, if fairy-tales were made now, or, better still, of some Christmas pantomime: 'The Gnome and the Giant.'"

Nanda appeared to try—not with much success—to see it. "Do you find Lord Petherton a Gnome?"

Mitchy at first, for all reward, only glared at her. "Charming, Nanda—charming!"

"A man's giant enough for Lord Petherton," she went on, "when his fortune's gigantic. He preys upon you."

His hands in his pockets and his legs much apart, Mitchy sat there as in a posture adapted to her simplicity. "You're adorable. *You* don't. But it *is* rather horrid, isn't it?" he presently went on.

Her momentary silence would have been by itself enough of an answer. "Nothing—of all you speak of," she nevertheless returned, "will matter then. She'll so simplify your life." He remained just as he was, only with his eyes on her; and meanwhile she had turned again to her window, through which a faint sun-streak began to glimmer and play. At the sight of it she opened the casement to let in the warm freshness. "The rain *has* stopped."

"You say you want me to save her. But what you really mean," Mitchy resumed from the sofa, "isn't at all exactly that."

Nanda, without heeding the remark, took in the sunshine. "It will be charming now in the garden."

Her friend got up, found his wonderful crossbarred cap, after a glance, on a neighboring chair, and with it came toward her. "Your hope is that—as I'm good enough to be worth it—she'll save *me*."

Nanda looked at him now. "She will, Mitchy—she *will!*"

They stood a moment in the recovered brightness; after which he mechanically—as with the pressure of quite another consciousness—put on his cap. "Well then, shall that hope, between us, be the thing—?"

"The thing?"—she just wondered.

"Why, that will have drawn us together—to hold us so, you know—this afternoon. I mean the secret we spoke of."

She put out to him, on this, the hand he had taken a few minutes before, and he clasped it now, only, with the firmness it seemed to give and to ask for. "Oh, it will do for that!" she said as they went out together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ART TREASURES IN NEW YORK.

Leaving out of the comparison the great public galleries and museums of Europe established by kings and princes and nurtured by centuries of governmental assistance, New York ranks high as an art centre. London and Paris alone surpass her accumulation of works of art in private hands. In the last fifteen years the increase in both quantity and quality has been enormous. In 1885, Mr. S. P. Avery, the best authority on the subject, listed eighty collections of pictures, averaging $100,000 in value. To-day there are doubtless three times as many, and half a dozen are of the first importance in merit and value, two, at least, being worth a million or more. Up to 1885 public sales of pictures in this city had netted about a million and a half, while since that time the American Art Association alone has disposed of over seven million dollars' worth, sixty to sixty-five per cent. of which, it is estimated, remained in the city. For ten years past the insurance upon the pictures shown at the winter art exhibitions of the Union League Club has averaged nearly a million dollars annually.

In the limits of this article it is impossible to do justice to the public galleries of pictures. They are of far too great importance; and only such works as great merit, association, or cost makes especially interesting can be referred to. These pictures are easy of access by the public, and it seems more interesting to discuss the treasures of art principally in private hands, and which may be seen but by a limited circle.

The portrait of the artists' friend, Domer, commonly called "The Gilder," which heads Mr. H. O. Havemeyer's collection of eleven Rembrandts, is perhaps the most valuable picture in the city, $100,000 having been offered for it and refused prior to its present ownership. The collection of Rembrandts to which it belongs has no superior, if any equal, outside the public galleries of the Old World. Their owner has hung them with such nice appreciation of their quality and close attention to light, position, and general effect as to draw commendation from the highest quarters. "The Gilder" was sold to Mr. Havemeyer by the late William Schaus, who purchased it at the sale of the Duc de Morny, in Paris, for $62,500. The duke paid 165,000 francs for it in 1860.

Another splendid Rembrandt is "The Standard Bearer," recently purchased by Mr. George J. Gould for $75,000. This picture, which is known as "The Sir Joshua" Rembrandt, was reproduced and described in Harper's Weekly at the time it came into Mr. Gould's possession.

Two noteworthy portraits by Rembrandt have been presented to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. Marquand. One, which cost $40,000, came from the collection of Sir William Knighton, physician to George IV. It is a portrait of a man wearing a black slouched hat, and is signed and dated 1665. The other, a portrait of a burgomaster, was, according to von Bode, painted about 1640. It was purchased in 1883 from the Marquis of Lansdowne for $25,000.

The portrait of the "Duke of Richmond" by Vandyck, also presented to the Museum by Mr. Marquand, probably approaches if not equals "The Gilder" in value, although, owing to the fortunate time of its purchase, the price paid was less. The picture, which had been in the family of Lord Methuen, the owner, for nearly two hundred years, had an established place among the art treasures of England in the last century, and was listed in the art publications of that day. In 1886 it was offered to the National Gallery, but that institution had overdrawn its resources to buy Rafael's "Ansidei Madonna," from the Duke of Marlborough, for £72,000, and could not purchase. No other purchaser was at hand, and Mr. Marquand secured it for something over $40,000—a figure thought to represent not half its present value.

Another very costly picture in the Museum is "Honorable Henry Fane and his Guardians," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which was presented by Mr. Junius S. Morgan, of London, who paid the Earl of Westmoreland $72,000 for it in 1887.

Another interesting Reynolds hangs in the Lenox Library. It is a full-length portrait of Mrs. Billington, a celebrated singer of the day, and represents her as St. Cecilia listening to the music of angels. Haydn, the composer, who was a friend of the lady, was shown this picture by Sir Joshua in his studio. "Yes," he said, after examining it, "it is very good, but you have made a mistake: you have painted Mrs. Billington listening to the angels, whereas they should be listening to her." It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1790, and sold to Colonel Lenox in 1848.

Meissonier's famous "1807" attracted national attention when it was presented to the Museum, by ex-Judge Hilton ten years ago. It is universally conceded to be the painter's masterpiece, and its price at the Stewart sale, $66,000, has never been surpassed at public auction in this city. In the Vanderbilt gallery is another Meissonier, for which Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt paid $50,000, under interesting circumstances. Mr. Vanderbilt, so runs the generally accepted story, once asked the painter which he considered his best work. In reply, Meissonier named one called "Information, or the Captured Peasant before General Desaix," and bewailed the fact that it was in German hands. He thought it too good for such association. Mr. Vanderbilt, to gratify the artist's patriotism, opened negotiations with the owner, Mr. Meyer, a banker of Dresden, who asked and received the sum named. The subject is an incident in one of Napoleon's campaigns. Mr. C. P. Huntington has a Meissonier, "The Lost Game," for which he paid $26,300, at the James H. Stebbins sale in 1889.

"An absolute masterpiece," is the comment of Albert Wolff, the great French critic, upon "A Dutch Interior," by Pieter de Hooghe, now owned by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer.

This picture brought $55,200 at the Secretan sale, in Paris, in 1889—a figure only surpassed at that sale by the $110,000 paid for the "Angelus" by the French government. Art authorities list and describe this work as one of the best, if not the very best, of the artist. At the Delessert sale (Paris, 1869) this picture brought 150,000 francs, and 160,000 francs were paid for it at the Narischine sale (Paris, 1883). It measures 26¼×22¾ inches.

An especially interesting picture is Mr. William H. Fuller's splendid Gainsborough, "The Blue Boy." About this work the storm of controversy raged in England for a score or more years, until the critics reached an agreement that it was a genuine work of the master, and only differed as to whether it or its twin, now in the gallery of the Duke of Westminster, was painted first. Tradition, perhaps history, has associated this picture with the quarrels of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds. By this authority, it is said to have been painted to disprove Sir Joshua's dictum that no picture could be successful in which the cold tints prevailed over the warm ones. It certainly overthrows this contention, for the full-length figure in blue satin against a warm-tinted landscape gives just the conditions Sir Joshua condemned, and yet it is an acknowledged masterpiece. When Mr. Fuller's collection was sold last winter, he placed an upset price of $50,000 upon this picture. No offer of this amount was received, and it still remains in his hands, one of the most interesting and precious of the city's art treasures. It was reproduced in HARPER'S WEEKLY during the present year.

Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," presented to the Museum by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, long enjoyed the popular reputation of being, next to "1807," the most expensive picture in the city, $53,500 having been paid for it at the Stewart sale. It is the artist's masterpiece. She once offered it for sale for $2400.

The writer has been favored with a view of a number of important additions to a private collection which have helped to place it in the front rank. He is at liberty to mention but three of the pictures, a Correggio, a Rembrandt, and a Hals. The Correggio is "The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," one of the two unquestioned replicas of the famous picture of the same name now in the Louvre. The other is in the Naples Gallery. This striking picture is universally recognized as one of the masterpieces of the great Italian colorist. It shows the infant Saviour, seated on the Virgin's knee, in the act of placing upon the finger of St. Catherine, who kneels before Him, the ring which typifies her spiritual marriage with the Church. Its size is 8×11 inches. The Rembrandt, "The Death of Lucretia," is one of the notable works of the master. It was painted in 1664, and was probably one of the artist's last works. The figure of the Roman heroine is displayed life size at half-length. The face is turned a trifle to the right, and the right arm, dagger in hand, is fully extended to give force to the blow which is to heal her injured honor. The record of the prices obtained for this picture shows the rapid advance in value of important works of art during the past seventy years. In 1825 it was sold for £52; 1826, for £190; 1828, for £110; 1859, for £399; and in 1889, for £3937. Since then it changed hands again, coming to its present owner at a figure undoubtedly far in advance of that last named. The Frans-Hals is a small but fine portrait of Casper Sebillius. The work is in the best style, minute and delicately finished in detail, and masterly in the merry twinkle given to the eyes. The canvas is small, about 9×11 inches. Two other noted portraits by Frans Hals are those of Scriverius and his wife, owned by Mr. Havemeyer, which are even smaller than the Sebillius, 8¼×6¼ inches. They were purchased at the Secretan sale for $18,200. Frans Hals's portrait of his wife, Mr. Marquand's gift to the Museum, is also a very fine specimen.

"St. Diego of Alcala surprised by the Guardian," the largest and most important Murillo in this country, and one of the most notable in private hands anywhere, is owned by Mr. Charles B. Curtis, who is an expert on the works of this master and Velasquez, and the author of an exhaustive and authoritative catalogue of their works. It is one of the historic eleven pictures painted by the artist for the Convent of San Francisco in Seville, a labor which at once made him famous.

An old legend was that St. Diego, the almoner of the convent, had been reproved by the guardian for too great liberality to the poor. He continued, however, to listen to the prayers of the needy, and one day as he was distributing food to a crowd of beggars the guardian suddenly appeared; but before he could administer a rebuke the bread in the fold of St. Diego's robe was miraculously changed into roses as an evidence of Heaven's approval of his charity. This miracle is the subject of the picture, which is nearly eight feet square, the figures being life size. Genuine Murillos are exceedingly rare and valuable. In 1852, his "Immaculate Conception," now in the Louvre, brought 615,300 francs at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection.

"A Peasant Boy eating Soup," by Velasquez, is also owned by Mr. Curtis. This picture was in the royal galleries at Madrid, and was given by Queen Maria Louisa to the painter Goya.

In the over-crowded gallery of the Historical Society hangs "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," by Titian, of which the catalogue says, "This painting is signed, and shows evidences of being the first of this subject which Titian painted; the second, ordered by King Philip II. of Spain, remains at the Escurial, and the third is in the Jesuits' church at Venice."

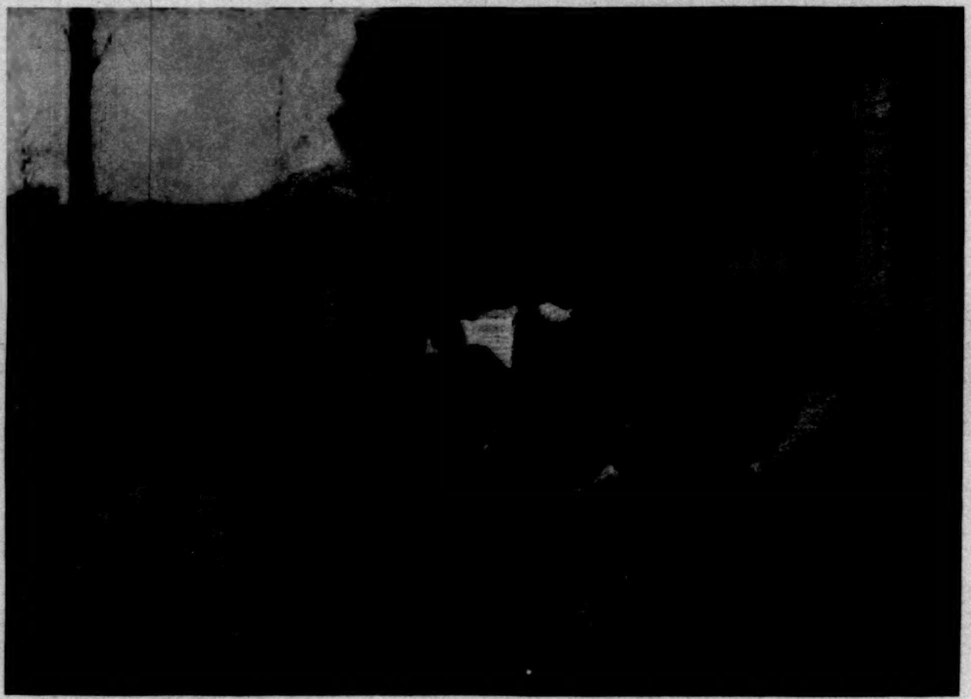
A further note adds that the picture, which is 97×90 inches, was valued by a former owner, Gideon Nye, Jr., at sixteen thousand guineas. Henry Peters Gray, who was a close student and copyist of Titian's methods and works, was particularly fond of this picture, and regarded it as one of the master's great works which bore strong evidences of his individuality. It was in the Durr collection, and with its fellows, to the number of one hundred and fifty-seven, was bequeathed to the society in 1882.

In the far corner of a small room at the other end of the gallery hang two pictures attributed to Rafael. They are small, about 8×20 inches, and are set in a panel frame of dark wood rudely carved. The subjects are the "Resurrection" and "Birth of Christ," which are treated in the "dry style" of Rafael's first period. These pictures were among the three hundred and eighty in the Gallery of Christian Art, collected by the late Thomas J. Bryan, which in 1867 he gave to the Historical Society. He was an earnest partisan of these pictures in particular, and says of them, in a note in the catalogue:

> The donor wishes it understood that in his opinion, and in that of some of the accomplished and practical experts of Europe, there is not the slightest doubt of the authenticity of these pictures.

Mr. Bryan was a man of large means and much taste, who spent many years abroad in the search of art treasures. His opinion is entitled to much respect, as no one of equal knowledge has attributed the pictures to any other painter, criticisms having been entirely negative.

Colonel O. H. Payne owns "Juliet and Nurse," by Turner, for which he is said to have paid $50,000. This picture has an interest and importance entirely apart from its merits or demerits. According to Monkhouse, one of Turner's biographers, it was the bitter criticism of this picture which first aroused Ruskin to write the letter to *Blackwood's Magazine* which grew into *Modern Painters*. Turner's "The Grand Canal in Venice, from the Madonna della Salute," now owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, was exhibited in 1885, in the Munro collection. It was sold in 1860 for £2520, and again in 1873 for £7350. "Saltash," a view on the River Tamar, painted about 1812, by the same artist, is interesting because Ruskin says of it, in a private letter in 1852: "I bid it up to £300 once, but it went higher, and I had no more to give." It was given by Mr. Marquand to the Museum.



"CONCERT AT AN OUTPOST."—ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.—OWNER, F. W. VANDERBILT.

A truly superb picture is Constable's "Hadleigh Castle," owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The composition, a ruined castle with a receding storm-cloud and the sea in the distance, is admirably suited to display the painter's special ability. The subject was in Constable's mind, and sketches were made, more than fifteen years before the picture was painted, in 1829. It has attracted much attention from connoisseurs, and is ranked second to none of Constable's productions. The terms upon which Mr. Vanderbilt bought it in England were private, but if it were for sale it would probably bring from $40,000 to $50,000. Two of Constable's pictures of his favorite subject, "The Valley Farm," are in the city, a small one in the Lenox Library and a larger canvas in the Museum.

The well-known "Defence of Champigny," by Detaille, which was presented to the Museum by ex-Judge Hilton in 1887, was exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1879. Detaille described it as his "most important work." The price paid for it was understood to have been $50,000. "Champigny" and "The Defence of Le Bourget," by de Neuville, now in the Vanderbilt gallery, share the honor of being the most notable battle pictures produced through the influence of the Franco-Prussian war. In both of these masterpieces the artists, themselves soldiers, have paid lasting tributes to their comrades in arms.

"The Approaching Storm," painted by Troyon in 1855, is one of his chief works, many critics regarding it as his greatest effort. It was in the collection of Count Daupias, and at the sale in 1890 brought 130,000 francs. After passing through several hands, it came into the possession of its present owner, Mr. M. C. D. Borden, a few years ago.

"The Missionary's Story," by Vibert, now owned by Mr. C. P. Huntington, attracted much attention at the Morgan sale, and brought $25,500, the next highest price to that paid at the same sale for the "Communicants" of Jules Breton—$45,000.

An interesting picture is "Les Singes Experts," by Deschamps, which shows a group of monkeys wisely examining a picture. The artist intended it as a satire upon the critics who had attacked him. It was in the collection of M. Secretan, and at the sale brought 70,000 francs. It is now owned by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Nature," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1824, is now owned by Mr. C. P. Huntington. It is a picture of the children of C. B. Calmady, Esq., and was first engraved in 1829. Since that time it has been reproduced by nearly every known process, becoming almost as popular a type of childish beauty as Rafael's "Cherubs." There is a record of an English sale of this picture in 1886 for £1890.

Pictures of the Barbizon school are plenty; indeed, it is generally conceded that a large proportion of the best works of the artists of that prolific period are in America, and most of them in New York. Rousseau's "Edge of the Woods," in the Catherine Wolfe collection, is a *chef-d'œuvre*. It was bought two years ago at the Schaus sale for $24,200. Mr George J. Gould's "Hut of the Charcoal Burners" represented Rousseau in the Exhibition of One Hundred Masterpieces, in Paris, in 1883. It brought $15,700 at the Secretan sale. It was purchased for Mr. Gould at the sale of Mr. William H. Fuller's collection in February of this year for $36,500. The "Setting Sun" was purchased by Mr. Calvin S. Brice at the Morgan sale. "The Oven," owned by Mr. William Rockefeller, was once sold for 47,000 francs at a sale in France. "The Entrance to Fontainebleau" is owned by Mr. I. T. Fletcher. Millet's famous picture, "The Sower," has been made very familiar by many engravings and etchings. It is in the Vanderbilt gallery, and notwithstanding the great price brought by "The Angelus," is considered by many critics a finer work.

Corot's pictures are very numerous, by far the most important being "La Danse des Amours," now owned by Mr. George J. Gould. This picture was for many years the gem of the small but elegant collection of the late Charles A. Dana. It was purchased for Mr. Gould at the sale of the Dana pictures, early this year, for $36,000. Other notable works by Corot are "Woodland Scene," Jay Gould collection; "Les Sorciers," Mr. I. T. Fletcher; "Dance of Nymphs," Mrs. James A. Bostwick; "Les Pêcheurs," Mr. Calvin S. Brice; and "The Bathers," Mrs. James A. Bostwick. A notable Diaz is "La Promenade," owned by Mr. J. P. Morgan, and the forest scenes by the same artist, owned by Mr. Calvin S. Brice, are important pictures. "The Banks of the Oise," one of Daubigny's best works, is owned Mr. I. T. Fletcher. It was in the collection of Count Daupias, and was purchased at the sale in 1890.

Fromentin's "Horse Dealers," owned by Mr. C. P. Huntington, is a fine and very valuable picture, as is "The Halt," by the same artist, owned by Mr. Calvin S. Brice.

Mr. H. G. Marquand, who has generously stripped himself of his art treasures for the benefit of the Museum, still retains Alma-Tadema's "Reading Homer," which reproduction has made so familiar. This picture was exhibited in the Loan Collection of Masterpieces at the World's Fair.

"The return from Egypt," a large picture by Rubens, now in the Museum, is one of his well-authenticated and acknowledged chief works. It was the product of his best period, being a contemporary of his famous "Descent from the Cross," in the Antwerp Cathedral, and was painted for the church of the Jesuits in the same city. It was first sold in 1777, with other works of art from similar sources, under the decree of the Emperor Francis II. suppressing the Jesuits. This picture has figured in every important Rubens catalogue and art encyclopædia for a hundred years, and passed with others into the possession of the Museum in 1871 on advantageous terms.

Two pictures by Rigaud, called the French Vandyck, are owned by Mr. W. D. du Casse, whose family traces descent from the great portrait-painter. One is a portrait study of the artist's brother and his wife and son, and the other is a portrait of the artist himself and his own wife and child. Both were painted between 1690 and 1695, and are in excellent condition. So far as is known, these are the only examples of this artist in the country, except the one owned by the Historical Society. They are exceptional pictures, and display well the artist's genius.

A very beautiful picture and veritable "art treasure" is Fortuny's "Choice of a Model," which brought the sensational price of $42,000 at the W. H. Stewart sale last winter. The purchaser, Mr. W. A. Clarke, added it to a collection of works of art already known to connoisseurs as one of the best selected and most valuable in the city.

Lack of space prevents the mention of scores of other paintings of the highest merit, interest, and cost, and of a host of still others that excel in one of these qualifications. The effort has been to mention only pictures which excel in *all* the points named.

LOUIS T. GOLDING.

AMATEUR SPORT

DIBBLEE OF HARVARD GOING AROUND YALE'S END FOR THIRTY-FIVE YARDS.

HOWEVER THE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE may be arranged for next year, it may, I feel sure, at least be put down for a certainty that there will be no "three-cornered league" formed by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. It is not at all improbable, though by no means definitely determined upon, that, having played Univ. of Penn. for four years to the exclusion of Princeton, Harvard may now wish to play Princeton one year, possibly two. Princeton may reject Harvard's overture for a single game or for two games, in her desire for a three-year arrangement or nothing—in which case there will more than likely be no Harvard-Princeton game in '99.

Leagues, in my opinion, are unnecessary and cumbersome, and I think Harvard is of the same mind. Indeed, unless I am greatly mistaken, I believe I see in the wholesome, sportsmanly attitude of Harvard for the last three years an aversion to entering upon agreements and joining leagues. I expect Harvard's captains to choose their opponents, but to treat all fairly. At all events, I very much doubt if we shall see a league, of either the three or four cornered variety. We have no need for them.

The chase of a championship is harmful to the wholesomeness of the sport and a worry to every one. We have put aside the youthful methods of our adolescent sporting days. Colleges arrange games nowadays in accordance with natural, healthful rivalries, irrespective of whether they do or do not decide the strongest team in America.

THE ADJUSTMENT OF RIVALRIES among Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Univ. of Penn. has always been a favorite theme for the space-writer, but it seems a simple question, after all, if only we accept certain facts without prejudice. For instance, nothing, of course, can come between the Harvard-Yale annual game—that is paramount to each. The friendliness between Yale and Princeton is of such warmth, and the tradition of their annual game so long standing, that I question if the consent of either could be secured for an arrangement which would disturb their annual fixture. New arrangements cannot be made without considering those already in existence—which are, to

C. D. DALY,
Harvard's Quarter-back.

B. H. DIBBLEE,
Harvard's Captain and Half-back.

wit, Yale, with her schedule of big games complete, for the day of more than two such in one season has, I believe, passed; Harvard and Princeton each with one big game scheduled, which cannot be disturbed; and Univ. of Penn. with her Cornell game.

MANY "IFS" HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED to relieve the situation of its embarrassments, and many suggestions offered; but the only practical solution to the meeting of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Univ. of Penn., I can see is for Harvard to play Princeton and Univ. of Penn. alternate years, and Princeton to play Univ. of Penn. in the year she does not play Harvard.

For instance, on that basis—in '99 Yale would play Harvard and Princeton, Harvard would play Yale and Princeton, Princeton would play Harvard and Yale, and Univ. of Penn. play Cornell and—Chicago (let me suggest). In 1900, Yale's opponents would be unchanged, but Harvard would play Yale and Univ. of Penn., Princeton play Yale and Univ. of Penn., and Univ. of Penn. play Princeton, Harvard, and Cornell. Thus of these universities, each, save Univ. of Penn., would have its two games every year among the four great university teams.

That old and oft-repeated plan which prescribed annual Harvard-Yale and Princeton-Univ. of Penn. games, the winners and losers to meet subsequently in a "championship" contest is a dead issue.

Such an arrangement would be acceptable neither to at least three of the universities concerned nor to sportsmen. Harvard and Yale would reject it because their game would thereby be made of secondary importance in the college season; Yale and Princeton would reject it because of a possible interruption of their annual meeting; sportsmen would deplore such an arrangement because of the implied exaltation of that "championship" idea.

At the same time it is to be desired meetings between these four be as frequent as may be, but the development of the game makes annual all-round contests impossible. The plan suggested seems the only feasible one.

And so perhaps—if the tendency to get players full-fledged out of the West, and to be over-generous with privileges to athletes, can be checked—we may all be happy yet.

THERE WERE THREE MEN in the Harvard-Yale game—Ely, Hubbell, and Jaffray—whose work was peculiarly commendable—and I say now that for which I had no space last week. To have continued in the game as did Ely, with a splintered rib, required an amount of pluck entirely incomprehensible to the average man. In the light of this, his work behind the line, especially his run, becomes remarkable. It was brave work, Quixotic work, and I hope the lad will suffer none of the consequences of so reckless a performance.

Hubbell was Yale's left end, and perhaps more plays were sent his way than any other, on account of left tackle being the weak place in the line. Many gains were made at these places, too, but had not Hubbell done the work of a Trojan that end of the line would have crumbled before the vigorous Harvard assault. Time and again and repeatedly he dived into Harvard's interference as it swept down upon him, and while he rarely completely broke it up, at least he materially checked the runners' gains.

Jaffray's work at centre was thoroughly first-class, and remarkable, therefore, because of his height, six feet five inches, and the very ordinary natural aptitude for the game he revealed when first he came out to try for the position. I remember him two or three years ago, a young giant, whose physical strength was enormous, but who, as a prospective centre, seemed hopeless even as a possibility. That he developed the class of football he played this year is due to his diligent endeavors and to the coaching ability and painstaking of W. H. Lewis, Harvard's old and cleverest centre. Despite his six feet five inches, his *vis-à-vis* did not get "under him" in either the Univ. of Penn. or Harvard game.

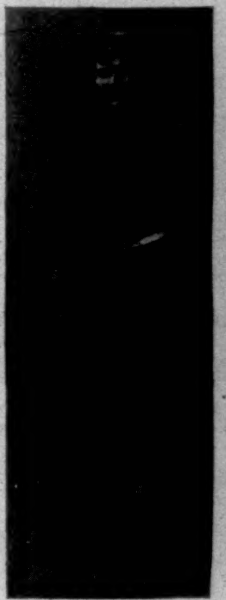
A FEW SECOND THOUGHTS.—The present rule, which permits the captain to call a substitute into the game whenever a player is tiring, is an excellent one and a great improvement on the old rule, which required that a regular player be physically incapacitated before retiring. Under the present system no dishonest faking is necessary, and the health of the sport is the better subserved.

It is a curious coincidence that the most sensational four runs American football has developed each brought victory, and all were made against Yale.

The greatest and the first was in 1885, by Lamar, the Princeton back, who ran very nearly the entire length of the field for a touch-down. The next two, made in the same game, when Harvard defeated Yale in 1890 at Springfield, were by Dudley Dean, who ran about forty yards to a touch-down, and Lee, who covered about thirty yards to Yale's goal-line.

MALCOLM DONALD,
Harvard's Tackle.

W. A. BOAL,
Harvard's Guard.



R. C. CHAMBERLIN,
Yale's Captain and Tackle.

F. G. BROWN,
Yale's Guard.

Arthur Poe's run this year was the fourth, and covered ninety yards, and gave Princeton victory over Yale.

ALTHOUGH WISCONSIN'S MANNER of bringing charges against Chicago University was deplorable, and cannot be excused, there appears to be sufficient ground for charging Chicago with at least lax enforcement of some rules pertaining to the eligibility of several members of her eleven. At all events, there is cause for suspicion, not perhaps of Chicago's honesty but of her vigilance.

We must have convincing evidence that Cavanaugh and Henry's playing was in compliance with the scholarship-standard rule, and whether or not Henry did not play on Michigan last year, and thereby become ineligible to Chicago this year. We must have complete exoneration of the Chicago men charged of professionalism by Wisconsin, or their dismissal from Chicago teams. We must hear from Chicago why these men were permitted to represent that university, if their playing was in defiance of accepted rules. We—by which I mean the world of amateur sport generally—have believed in Chicago's good intentions, in her vigilance and honesty, and we cannot withdraw our confidence without good cause. But the exigencies of the case demand that Chicago must clear herself of these charges, and show cause why we should not withdraw that confidence.

BESIDES THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION there is only one club that in the past year has manifested any interest whatever in track and field athletics in the Middle West; and that one is the Milwaukee Athletic Society, whose members have given a field day and an in-door meet, and sent one or two representatives on different occasions to games held in Chicago.

The Chicago A.A., however, is practically the whole thing in that section, and has drawn into its lists all the really high-class material that can be induced to enter club athletics. This has stifled competition. The Detroit Athletic Club intended last summer to once more enter the field, but all its active athletes of prominence went

to war, either with the naval reserves of the Michigan brigade or with the army. The D.A.C. has now, perhaps, the cleanest athletic spirit of any club west of the Boston A. A. This year it has maintained two and three teams in baseball, betrayed a little indication of waking up again in tennis (George H. Sheldon is in the city), and has been more active in football than ever before, with a local interest correspondingly higher. Its teams have been clean and honest, and, in the main, composed of sportsmen, though there have been a few exceptions. There is no suggestion of the money taint here, however.

HAVING HAD NO SPACE PREVIOUSLY, the following summaries are printed as a matter of record, and for the interest of alumni throughout the country:

HARVARD–UNIV. OF PENN. GAME—CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 5, '98.

Harvard.	Positions.	Pennsylvania.
Cochrane / Farley	Left end	Folwell
Donald	Left tackle	Goodman
Boal	Left guard	Hare
Jaffray / Burnett	Centre	Overfield
Burden	Right guard	McCracken
Haughton	Right tackle	Carnett
Hallowell	Right end	Hedges
Daly	Quarter-back	Gardiner
Dibblee	Left half-back	Harrison
Warren	Right half-back	Coombs / McMahon
Reid	Full-back	Outland

Score—Harvard, 10; Pennsylvania, 0. Touch-downs—Boal. Missed goal from field—Cochrane, Outland. Goal from placed kick—Burnett. Referee—Matthew McClung, Jr., of Lehigh. Umpire—Paul Dashiel of Annapolis. Linesmen—Holden of Harvard and De Silver of Pennsylvania. Time-keeper—Wood, Boston A. A. Time of halves—35 minutes. Attendance, 20,000.

Average weight—rush-line, Harvard, 184 lbs.; Pennsylvania, 182 lbs. Average weight—centre and guards, Harvard, 204 lbs.; Pennsylvania, 190 lbs. Average weight—three backs, Harvard, 167 lbs.; Pennsylvania, 166 lbs. Average weight—team, Harvard, 175 lbs.; Pennsylvania, 174¾. Average age eleven—Harvard, 20½ years; Pennsylvania, 21¾ years.

RECORD HARVARD–PENNSYLVANIA GAMES.

1886—Harvard, 28; Penn., 0.	1894—Penn., 18; Harvard, 4.
1887—Harvard, 42; Penn., 0.	1895—Penn., 17; Harvard, 14.
1888—Harvard, 28; Penn., 0.	1896—Penn., 8; Harvard, 6.
1889—Harvard, 35; Penn., 0.	1897—Penn., 15; Harvard, 6
1893—Harvard, 26; Penn., 4.	1898—Harvard, 10; Penn., 0.

YALE–PRINCETON GAME—PRINCETON, NOVEMBER 12, '98.

Princeton.	Positions.	Yale.
Palmer	Left end	Eddy
Geer	Left tackle	Stillman
Crowdis / Mills	Left guard	Brown
Booth	Centre	Cutten
Edwards	Right guard	Marshall
Hillebrand	Right tackle	Chamberlin
Poe	Right end	Coy
Duncan / Hutchinson	Quarter-back	De Saulles / Ely
Beardsley / Black	Left half-back	Durston / Townsend
Kafer / Wheeler	Right half-back	Benjamin / Corwin
Ayres	Full-back	McBride

Score—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0. Touch-down—Poe. Goal from touch-down—Ayres. Missed goal from place—Chamberlin, Wheeler. Referee—Wrightington of Harvard. Umpire—Dashiel of Lehigh. Linesmen—Francis of Yale, and Bovaird of Princeton. Time of halves—35 minutes. Attendance—15,000.

Average weight—rush-line, Princeton, 188 lbs.; Yale, 182 lbs. Average weight—centre and guards, Princeton, 221 lbs.; Yale, 189 lbs. Average weight—three backs, Princeton, 169 lbs.; Yale, 177 lbs. Average weight—eleven, Princeton, 178 lbs.; Yale, 178 lbs. Average age—Princeton, 22 years; Yale, 21 years.

Twenty-one games have been played since 1877, Princeton winning the championship seven times, and Yale eleven times. Three times the games were ties; detailed summaries follow.

RECORD YALE–PRINCETON GAMES.

1877—Neither side scored.

1878—Princeton, 1 goal; Yale, none.

1879—Game resulted in a tie, but Princeton won the championship by defeating Harvard.

1880—Game was a tie, Princeton holding the championship.

1881—Game was a tie, but Yale won the championship by defeating Harvard.

1882—Yale, 2 goals; Princeton, none.

1883—Yale, 6; Princeton, 0.

1884—Game was unfinished on account of darkness, and no championship was awarded.

1885—Princeton, 6; Yale, 5.

1886—Game was unfinished on account of darkness. No championship awarded.

1887—Yale, 12; Princeton, 0.	1893—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0.
1888—Yale, 10; Princeton, 0.	1894—Yale, 24; Princeton, 0.
1889—Princeton, 10; Yale, 0.	1895—Yale, 20; Princeton, 10.
1890—Yale, 32; Princeton, 0	1896—Princeton, 24; Yale, 6.
1891—Yale, 19; Princeton, 0	1897—Yale, 6; Princeton, 0.
1892—Yale, 12; Princeton, 0	1898—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0.

HARVARD–YALE GAME—NEW HAVEN, NOVEMBER 19, '98.

Harvard.	Positions.	Yale.
Cochrane / Farley	Left end	Hubbell
Donald / Eaton	Left tackle	Stillman
Boal	Left guard	Brown
Jaffray / Burnett	Centre	Cutten
Burden	Right guard	Marshall
Haughton	Right tackle	Chamberlin, Capt.
Hallowell	Right end	Eddy / Schweppe
Daly	Quarter-back	Ely
Dibblee	Left half-back	Durston
Warren	Right half-back	Dudley / Eddy
Reid	Full-back	Townsend / McBride

Score—Harvard, 17; Yale, 0. Touch-downs—Reid (2), Dibblee. Goals from touch-down—Haughton (2). Missed goal from touch-down—Haughton. Missed goal from place—Haughton, Chamberlin. Referee—McClung of Lehigh. Umpire—Dashiel of Annapolis. Linesmen—Thompson of Harvard, and Francis of Yale. Time-keeper—Wood, B.A.A. Time of halves—30 minutes. Attendance—17,000.

Average weight—rush-line, Harvard, 184 lbs.; Yale, 182 lbs. Average weight—centre and guards, Harvard, 204 lbs.; Yale, 189 lbs. Average weight—three backs, Harvard, 167 lbs.; Yale, 177 lbs. Average weight—team, Harvard, 175 lbs.; Yale, 178 lbs. Average age eleven—Harvard, 20½ years; Yale, 21 years.

IN THE HARVARD–YALE FOOTBALL SERIES, begun in 1875, New Haven, November 13, fifteen men on a side, Harvard won in 1875 (Yale being greatly handicapped by playing under rules to which she was unaccustomed), in '90, Arthur Cumnock captain, and in '98, B. H. Dibblee captain. In '76 teams were composed of eleven men for the first time. In '77 Yale wished to play eleven, and Harvard fifteen, and no game resulted; in '78 and '79 Yale yielded the point, and fifteen were played, the game of '79 being a draw. In '80 elevens were definitely adopted. In '85 football was forbidden at Harvard; in '88 Harvard forfeited the game, because her faculty restricted play to New England subsequent to an agreement with Yale to play in New York. In '95 and '96, athletic relations being severed between the two universities, there were no games. In '97 the game was a tie, at Cambridge, neither side scoring.

RECORD HARVARD–YALE GAMES.

1883—Yale, 23; Harvard, 2.	1891—Yale, 10; Harvard, 0.
1884—Yale, 52; Harvard, 0.	1892—Yale, 6; Harvard, 0.
1885—No game.	1893—Yale, 6; Harvard, 0.
1886—Yale, 29; Harvard, 4.	1894—Yale, 12; Harvard, 4.
1887—Yale, 17; Harvard, 8.	1895—No game.
1888—No game.	1896—No game.
1889—Yale, 6; Harvard, 0.	1897—Yale, 0; Harvard, 0.
1890—Harvard, 12; Yale, 6.	1898—Harvard, 17; Yale, 0.

ALTHOUGH THE UNIV. OF PENN.–CORNELL GAME in Philadelphia, Thanksgiving day, may scarcely be taken as criterion of either team's '98 football development, none the less the score (12–6) serves fairly well as an indicator of the comparative strength of the two elevens, though I really think yet another touch-down, making a score of say 18–6, would more truly represent Univ. of Penn.'s superiority.

And the course of the game and the manner of the scoring served also to emphasize the unevenness of Univ. of Penn. that this year has so neutralized work of the team which was excellent. There is no escaping the judgment that this year's Univ. of Penn. eleven is the poorest one I have seen from that university since '93, and one of the most unevenly developed ones Univ. of Penn. has turned out since '90. It is utterly surprising a team so skilled in other departments should be so miserably weak in the kicking department. Not alone in punting, but particularly and disastrously so in the handling of opponents' kicks.

CORNELL GAINED YARDS AND YARDS because Univ. of Penn.'s backs were rarely under the ball. Three times out of four the ball struck the ground, bounced, and rolled along before the Univ. of Penn.'s back secured it, and usually was thereupon tackled. Univ. of Penn.'s success against the Indians, who are particularly weak in the open-field game, and against other teams not so strong, in running Outland back on these occasions, appears to have made a habit of this manner of receiving punted balls. If so, it was acquired curiously and in defiance of the teachings of up-to-date football. Were this criticism applicable only to Univ. of Penn.'s work on Thanksgiving day, when rain and snow made the worst playing-field of the season, explanations would be easily forth-coming, but the same weakness was apparent against Harvard at Cambridge, when the day was clear and the field in excellent condition. Only, at Cambridge it told more seriously because the speed of the Harvard ends never gave the Univ. of Penn. back a chance to run after he had fallen on the rolling ball.

PENNSYLVANIA'S POOR HANDLING of opponents' punts has been surprising enough, but her weakness in actual kicking is even more so. It is truly astonishing that the uninterrupted practice of a long season should not have developed a more dependable and more skilful punter than Hare. To continually employ a player so unfitted for the work was misuse of one of the best guards and most trustworthy line-buckers we have ever seen. It is difficult to understand why another man or several others were not drilled and drilled and drilled, until the team had one whose kicking would be helpful, at least in a degree, rather than so often actually menacing. How very weak Pennsylvania was in this department may be judged by use of Hare in the Cornell game, when a bad ankle really incapacitated him from doing even the little of his best. That more scoring by Cornell did not result on that account is a tribute to Hare as a game and determined player. Outland's efforts at punting were some improvement, and suggested possibilities under persistent coaching and long practice, but at present his best endeavors do not raise the standard of Pennsylvania's kicking to mediocrity. It looks very much as though Pennsylvania had entered upon her season's work in deliberate acceptance of this weakness as an irremediable evil, and in the confidence that her attacking power would more than counterbalance. But no season ever so clearly demonstrated the fatality of depending on unusual strength in one direction to make amends for actual weakness in another. The triumph of the evenly developed team has been complete, and amply illustrated in Harvard's brilliant successes and in Princeton's victory over Yale. Had Univ. of Penn.'s kicking department—by which I mean handling of opponents' kicks as well as own punting—been even passably fair, instead of inexcusably poor, confidence in that attacking power might have been somewhat justified by a better showing in the Chicago, and again, later, in the Harvard games. The same comment would perhaps be pertinent to the Cornell game, except that it seems hardly fair to look closely into the work of any team playing in driving snow and over the sea of mud and water which covered Franklin Field.

CONSIDERING THE CONDITIONS OF FIELD AND DAY, each eleven played as near its best form as could be expected. It was a slow game, made doubly trying to the players by the cold wind which blew down the field, and small wonder fumbling changed possession of the ball so frequently. As I have said, however, there was ample opportunity to judge the comparative merits of the teams. It was very loose football, as might be expected, sharp starting and prompt seizure of opportunities being, of course, out of all question. The runner who kept on his feet at all was lucky. On occasions when the play resolved itself into one of mere push, success was as apt to go to one side as to the other. In plays, however, where more of football knowing and skilful execution were possible, success much more frequently went to Univ. of Penn. Wherever the condition of the field at all permitted of it, Univ. of Penn. invariably got the "jump" on Cornell, and excelled her in the character, variety, and execution of plays. Though not having the actual figures before me, I should yet venture to say Univ. of Penn. must have made during the game three times as many yards rushing the ball as Cornell.

THE GUARDS-BACK FORMATION was employed, and proved an occasionally successful method of advancing the ball through the mud, but Pennsylvania showed good generalship by making Cornell's weak ends her frequent point of attack, and by opening her general play more than usual. It is due Cornell to say that her defence against the guards-back formation was very strong and effective, and particularly creditable considering the impossibility of getting a firm foothold. Cornell's defensive work most of the time was good, and on one or two occasions incomparable, as, for instance, in the last of the second half, when Univ. of Penn. had the ball on Cornell's one-yard line and lost it on downs. In attacking power Cornell was not so strong as Univ. of Penn., neither in conception of play nor in its execution. She appeared to rely too much on a few centre plays. She needs more frequent contact with teams showing a higher grade of offensive work than those usually met during the practice season—teams that will teach her faster, more adroitly planned attack, and the need of giving runners more vigorous and timely support. Cornell would find something of this kind in a game with West Point or Chicago University; and she needs such work between her early-season game with Princeton, when the latter has hardly got together, and her final contest with Univ. of Penn.

THE LINES WERE WELL MATCHED on the defensive, except for the ends, where Cornell was weaker, but on the offensive Univ. of Penn.'s forwards were into the game more than Cornell's. At quarter, G. Young handled the ball the more cleanly, and was of the greater service in the back field. He made one costly blunder in not dropping on the ball that time near Pennsylvania's goal-line, when there was some dispute as to its being in play, and Univ. of Penn. got it. Gardiner passed the ball poorly, and Overfield considerably increased the punting troubles of both Hare and Outland. In punting Cornell had considerably the better of it (her kicking must have gained twice as many yards as did Univ. of Penn.'s), and in handling kicks showed more judgment and skill than Univ. of Penn. Cornell's ends were not called upon for a great deal of work under Univ. of Penn's kicks. Hare, McCracken, Outland, and Coombs did the ground-gaining for Univ. of Penn., not forgetting a fifteen-yard end run by Carnett, and Lueder, Starbuck, and C. Young did the major portion of it for Cornell, with Reed and Sweetland showing prominently in the line.

Cornell had the wind and storm on her back in the first half, and made the most of her opportunity, punting repeatedly, and gaining ground because of Univ. of Penn.'s weakness already alluded to. When Cornell tried Univ. of Penn.'s line, she found the small and uncertain gains not worth the outlay, so after a time in the first half she kicked almost invariably. Univ. of Penn tried to counterbalance the weakness in kicking by rushing, and though her success was not continuous, it was frequent. It might perhaps have counterbalanced weak handling of kicks alone, but the added fumbling was too great a handicap. Having worked the ball along for a way, she was sure to lose it on a fumble, and to have Cornell kick it back.

SO IT CAME ABOUT that most of the play in the first half was in Penn.'s territory, or the middle of the field. There came a time, after about twenty minutes of play, when one of those kicks which had been allowed to bounce and roll was fumbled by Penn., and straightway Cornell secured the ball on Penn.'s 5-yard line. G. Young's failure to drop on the ball when it came back from the centre gave the ball to Penn., whose short low kick gave it to Cornell again on Penn.'s 20-yard line. Here Lueder and Starbuck made two of the cleanest gains Cornell scored in the game, and the ball was again on Penn.'s 3-yard line, where Cornell lost it on downs. Hare punted low and straight into Cornell, and Sweetland fell on the ball for Cornell's only touch-down. G. Young beautifully kicked a difficult goal.

Univ. of Penn. had the wind at her back in the second half, and proceeded to rush the ball down the field to Cornell's twenty-yard line, from where Outland, by a pretty end run, carried it for a touch-down and goal. Not many minutes later, when Cornell had been driven to her fifteen-yard line—a short punt was caught by Hedges, who made the second touch-down. For the balance of the half, possession of the ball kept almost constantly changing, Univ. of Penn. rushing, and Cornell kicking. And thus the game ended, fittingly, a fumble giving Univ. of Penn. the ball on Cornell's ten-yard line.

UNIV. OF PENN.–CORNELL GAME, PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 24, 1898.

Pennsylvania.	Positions.	Cornell.
McMahon	Left end	Duval / Wilson
Reugenberg	Left tackle	Wyvell
Hare	Left guard	Reed
Overfield / McCloskey	Centre	Dorner
McCracken	Right guard	Lueder
Carnett	Right tackle	Sweetland
Hedges	Right end	Cross / Grimshaw
Gardiner	Quarter-back	G. Young / Short
Outland	Left half-back	Whiting
Coombs	Right half-back	C. Young
Folwell	Full-back	Starbuck / Perkins

Score—Pennsylvania, 12; Cornell, 6. Touch-downs—Outland, Hedges, Sweetland. Goals from touch-downs—Outland (2), G. Young. Referee—W. A. McClung, Lehigh. Umpire—P. J. Dashiel, Annapolis. Linesmen—Harrison of Pennsylvania, and Morrison of Cornell. Timer—W. H. Lewis, Harvard. Time of halves—35 minutes. Attendance—16,000.

Average weight—rush-line, Univ. of Penn., 182 lbs.; Cornell, 176 lbs. Average weight—centre and guards, Univ. of Penn., 190 lbs.; Cornell, 184 lbs. Average weight—three backs, Univ. of Penn., 166 lbs.; Cornell, 168 lbs. Average weight—team, Univ. of Penn., 174 lbs.; Cornell, 170 lbs. Average age eleven—Univ. of Penn., 21¾ years; Cornell, 20¾ years.

The frightful condition of the field, the benumbing atmosphere, and the storm combined to make it a day of utmost severity on the players, the hardest in my recollection. Any individual error was excusable, and both teams are to be congratulated on their determined, plucky work under such conditions. Despite the strain to which the tempers of the men must have been subjected, the game was clean and the players sportsmanly from the beginning to the ending. Such a record on such a field reflects great credit upon the elevens. CASPAR WHITNEY.

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For his whole land he stood—not for a part,
Nor to a party his high service due;
So builded ever better than they knew
Who made their statecraft but a party's chart.
So led his country on that higher plane
Of peace, that is the future of the world,
That Saxon freemen saw in him again,
Where'er America her flag unfurled,
Humanity, that marks the gentleman,
And kinship-claimed with this American.

F. J. S.

EMILIO AGUINALDO.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC IN HIS RESIDENCE AT MALOLOS, PROVINCE OF BULACAN.

Sunday, September 18, 1898.

WHEN I alighted from the train, which leaves Manila at 6 o'clock A.M., I made straight for the palace for my appointed interview with Emilio Aguinaldo, elected President by the Filipinos. I was received with all possible courtesies by an Indian interpreter, and was told that Don Emilio was just dressing to receive me. After a half-hour's more or less interesting conversation with the interpreter Aguinaldo appeared on the scene, without any ceremonies, and I was presented to him by his polite private secretary, who speaks English fluently and pleasantly. Having exchanged the common civilities of the day, a lively conversation started, and I learned the following facts:

Aguinaldo was born on the 22d day of March, 1869, at Cavité Viejo, and his education was such as the schools of the little country town were able to provide, and his life was spent in business to his twenty-fifth year, when he was elected Mayor of Cavité. On the 20th of August, 1896, the Governor of the province of Cavité reported to Manila that everything was quiet in Cavité, and no insurgents to be found anywhere. Aguinaldo, on his way home on the day after, the 21st of August, 1896, heard that a warrant had been issued for his own arrest on the charge of siding with the insurrectionists. Instead of going home he gathered twenty of his friends around him and waited for the arrival of the warrant. On the 22d a captain of the civil guard and two sergeants appeared to arrest him, and were promptly killed by Aguinaldo and his friends. This started the revolution. Aguinaldo asserts that before his arrest had been ordered—that is, before the 21st of August, 1896—he never had even dreamed about joining the insurgents; but in view of the unjust accusation he made up his mind to be one, and even to accept the leadership of the movement to free his native country from Spanish tyranny and injustice. On the 26th of August the news of his adventure was over all the islands, and beacon lights on top of all the hills and mountains of the country gave proof that the Filipinos were ready to join Aguinaldo and accept him as a leader of the insurrection. On the 1st of September, 1896, the first success of the Filipinos was the taking of the little town of Jmoz, with a few rifles and 2000 rounds of ammunition, against thirty-seven Spanish civil guards.

He gave the following three reasons for the outbreak of the insurrection:

1. The misdemeanor of the priests. (Spanish, of course.)
2. Spanish laws giving all the liberties to Spanish subjects and restraining the Filipinos in every possible way.
3. The occupation of civilian offices by Spanish officers instead of natives.

As an illustration of the first reason, he related this story:

A priest had an eye on the good-looking daughter of a native. He put himself in correspondence with the civil guards, whom he bribed, and had the father of the girl arrested on political charges. He then took possession of the girl, the house, and the fortune of her parents; in other words, he had them confiscated, and divided the spoils with the civil guards. The prisoner was put on board of a transport and exiled to some Spanish island in the Atlantic, where he was put at hard labor, and where he soon after died.

Doctors, lawyers, educated men of all descriptions, even women, have been similarly dealt with, and Aguinaldo asserts that even now Spain holds over 3000 such prisoners. In revenge the insurgents have locked up all the Spanish priests in the country, and hold them ready for exchange. Eight thousand prisoners, soldiers and priests, are kept by the Filipinos to-day, scattered through twenty-two provinces of the islands.

On the 24th of December, 1897, a peace was established between Aguinaldo and the Spanish, under the conditions that the priests leave the country, that civil offices be given to the natives, and that Aguinaldo should receive $800,000 and leave the country with forty of his followers. Aguinaldo got $400,000 in Hong-kong, but the rest of the conditions were never carried out, so the trouble started again, until the Spanish-American war broke out and Dewey took Cavité.

The feelings of the insurgents towards the Americans are often misrepresented. To-day there is a strong friendly current for us all over the country, and Aguinaldo hopes that not American protection but annexation may be the fate of the Philippine Islands, and that there may be no more Filipinos but Americans. He thinks it may not be possible to achieve this result immediately, but after a certain lapse of time, say two years; his heart is for an absolute Filipino government, without any foreign influences, but his better judgment, he says, favors annexation. So at least his private secretary expressed himself, but he does not like to be referred to thus in his official quality.

As an incident of interest, I will tell this in conclusion: Last Friday four Spanish prisoners, whom Aguinaldo has in his service, tried to poison him by putting arsenic in his food. They were caught in the act, and only escaped lynching through Aguinaldo's prompt protection and pardon. This story practically ended our interview. Aguinaldo was kind enough to present me with his photograph and autograph, and gave me in charge of his private secretary, who took me to his own home and entertained me delightfully. Aguinaldo begged me to excuse him for not himself asking me to lunch, but explained that he was too poor to indulge in even so slight a hospitality, and asked me to accept his secretary's invitation.

When I left the place I noticed an immense crowd of peasants gathered in the court-yard and in front of the palace. My host explained to me that this was a daily occurrence, through the desire of the people to see their new president.

W. A. HARPER,
Captain and Quartermaster, 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 8th Army Corps.

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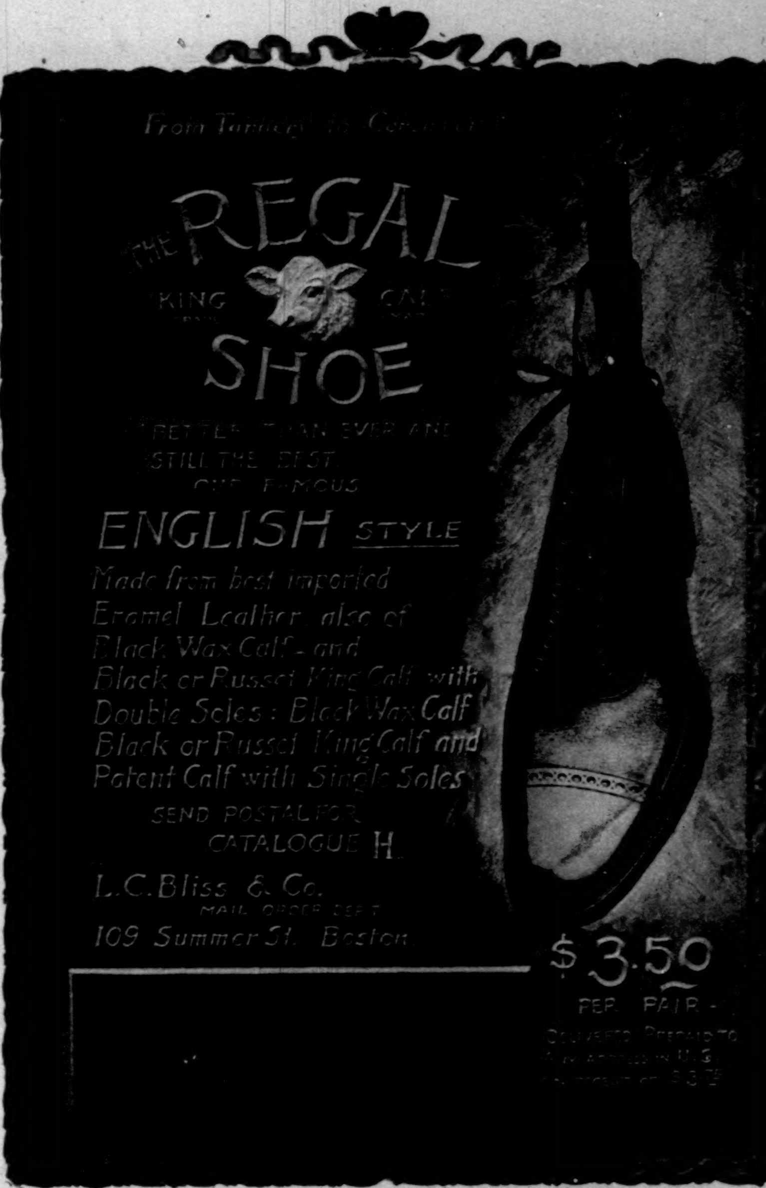

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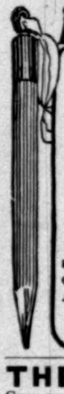

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THE WEST INDIES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH JAMAICA?

It is very hard to say. Nobody who has written about Jamaica tells us. No commission has ever been able to find out. Every one is ready to deplore in general terms the prevailing "depression," but not a soul will specify a reasonable cause for woe. They complain of "neglect" by England and of the stupidity of the local government, and ask for impossible privileges from the one and seek an impossible perfection in the other. As a matter of fact, no colony has received, in proportion to what it has given, so much as Jamaica from the mother-country, while its records are dignified by the names of as many able and successful Governors as any other dependency of Britain can show. What class is it that is suffering? Not the black agricultural population. This island is their paradise. Nor the wage-earning blacks. They are admittedly a prosperous and contented class. Nor is it the small commercial community, nor the large traders, for every one acknowledges, and trade returns affirm it, that business is thriving. Is it, then, the large white estate-owners who are in such distress? Assuredly not, for their exports are this year as high as they were fifteen years ago.

The trouble, I am myself inclined to think, is mainly sentimental. Jamaica has kept on repeating to the world for years that England "neglects" her, England has got tired of being grumbled at without reason, and Englishmen have given up coming out here.

There is not much in the history of Jamaica to commend it to British sympathy, or to invite popular affection.

Of course it is easy enough for a special advocate to appeal to sentiment and "romanticism" by calling up the pictures of the aged Columbus's triumph and suffering; of Port Royal crowded with the victorious fleets of Penn, Venables, Camperdown, and Jarvis, and their French and Spanish prizes. Nor is it difficult to arouse admiration for the natural charms of so exquisitely beautiful an island—the "summer isle of Eden in its purple sphere of sea."

But when the sentimentalist has said all this and more, what does it all amount to, and when laid side by side with the lurid realities of Jamaican history, how the colors in his rosy pictures sicken and pale! In the records of the Gem of the Antilles, though glittering at times with guilty gold, and sumptuously illuminated with the trophies and triumphs of piratical atrocities, are records of blood and fire, of human wickedness and natural catastrophe.

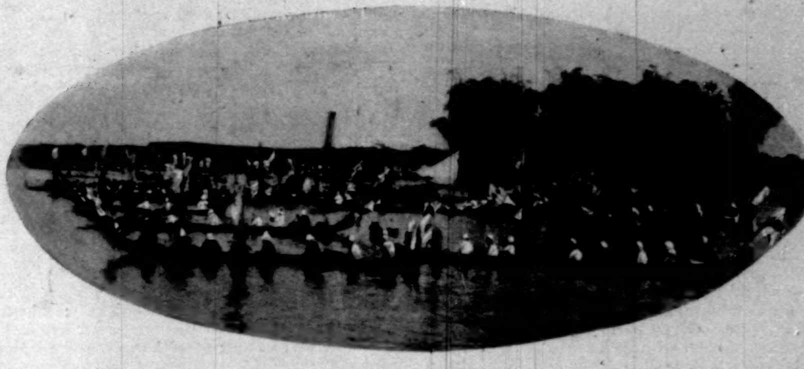
English history connects not only the glories of Rodney with Jamaica, but also the reverses of Benbow. Popular knowledge "at home" does not extend so far as the beauties and resources of this wonderful island, but only to its misfortunes and its troubles with slaves. Tradition preserves nothing much to its credit, but the stories of Paul Jones and Three-fingered Jack, of wicked Mrs. Palmer and the hunting of maroons with blood-hounds, are vaguely current as Jamaican legends, more or less authentic.

But though not bound to the "mother-country"—a phrase pathetically inappropriate to a colony that has only one European in it to every hundred and odd colored inhabitants—by any ties that call forth affectionate admiration, Jamaica has a claim upon England for its compassion and its special protection. None of our colonies has been struck so hard and so often by the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," nor more undeservedly.

In 1834 slavery was abolished "by act of Parliament," and widespread ruin enveloped Jamaica. The six millions sterling paid to the slave-owners, many of them living in princely style, as compensation for the destruction of their slave property and total loss of income, only accentuated the misery.

In times of prosperity money had been easily borrowed and the interest as easily paid, but now ruin overshadowed the planters, the borrowed capital had to be repaid, mortgages cleared, and very little of the six millions remained with those for whose benefit it had been voted, for it only sufficed to meet the liabilities incurred in the earlier days of improvident luxury. Immense estates lapsed into waste-land—"ruinate," as the pathetic technical term is—and wild vegetation re-entered into possession of the broad acres which a century of slave labor had conquered from it. It had been hoped that the freed negro would continue to work, but unfortunately the "nobility" which other races see in "work for work's sake" does not come within the scope of negro vision. He only works for others under compulsion. So, having obtained his freedom, he squatted on his late master's estate and was idle. Food was in abundance around him, and he needed little more. And so it is to-day. The curse of a great nomadic negro population refusing to undertake regular agricultural labor lies like a black cloud-blight upon the beautiful island, and until that curse is raised by strong and well-enforced vagrancy acts the prosperity which is Jamaica's natural right is impossible. The population to-day is about 800,000, and out of these only one in a hundred is white. Five hundred thousand are pure blacks, and in some inland districts they are, at this very day, morally retrograding towards aboriginal savagery. The obeah-man is a power in the land, and voudooism a religion. Matrimony as an institution has been abandoned, nearly every black being of "illegitimate" birth, and except that he has acquired some of the "peculiarities of civilization," the freed negro is to-day very little better than the African of the Congo.

Without abundant manual labor agriculture (the basis of West-Indian prosperity) is impossible. In the smaller islands of Trinidad and in Demerara, the planters made good the devastation that followed the hurricane of emancipation by importing abundant coolie labor from India. But in Jamaica many of the best of the sugar-estates have reverted so far into wilderness as to make the cost of their recovery equal to that of breaking new ground altogether. For close upon the heels of emancipation came free trade, and Jamaica sugar, hitherto protected by the duties on the foreign product, received a second blow while staggering under the first; and almost simultaneously with free trade, beet-root sugar appeared upon the scene. Combination might have saved the situation, but the opportunity was allowed to go by; and now, without substantial practical assistance from Great Britain, either in the donation of differential duties, state-aided coolie immigration, or some other violation of Brit-



AGUINALDO'S LAUNCH ON THE RIVER, SURROUNDED BY NATIVE CRAFT.

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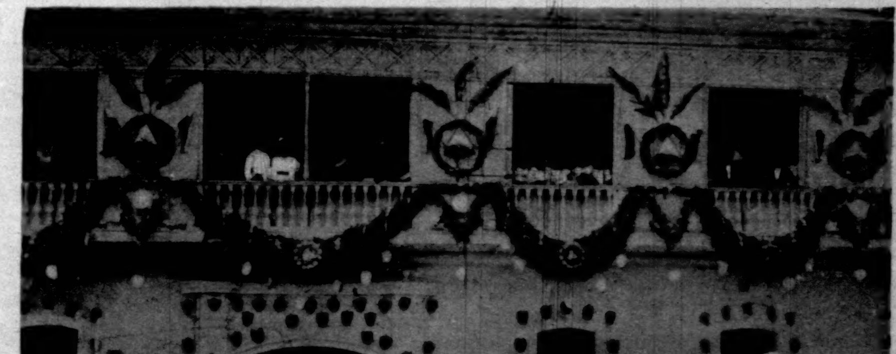

FEAST GIVEN BY THE TOWN OF FERNANDO TO AGUINALDO, WHO IS SEEN IN THE WINDOW BETWEEN TWO AMERICAN LADIES.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC.—[See Page 1187.]

ish trade principles and "political economy," coalition upon such a scale as to make the sugar industry of the island what it ought to be seems to have slipped "out of the question."

But putting sugar on one side, what is the matter with Jamaica? As a matter of fact, very little; and Dr. Morris, the leading authority on the British West Indies, wrote, only last year, "Notwithstanding the immense depression in the value of its staple products, and in spite of the series of economic changes of exceptional severity through which it has passed, Jamaica is still in a comparatively prosperous condition as compared with 100 years ago." If anything is the matter with the island, it is the lack in late years of fresh English blood and the steady increase of the "colored whites." The "Jamaican" is of a listless and spiritless disposition as compared with the pure-bred Englishman, and written large all over this magnificent colony is the fact that energy is wanting. Given some large scheme for encouraging the class of men who go so readily to Canada, the Cape, or Ceylon, I believe Jamaica would forge ahead again and the palmy days of slavery return. But with free labor, as I have said, the negro will not, and very naturally, do more manual labor than he need. Moreover, there is the rampant evil of a very large vagrant class, who wander about the island, doing no sort of work whatever, but subsisting by theft from the plantations of the industrious. And in addition there has to be taken into consideration the fact that some 80,000 black men are small land-owners, and therefore unwilling to absent themselves from their own holdings in order to perform for others' crops the operations of sowing, transplanting, or picking just at the critical times when their own little crops require precisely the same attention. Now these three causes combine to reduce the amount of labor available for the larger estates. But in spite of all this, there is no complaint among white planters as to the scarcity of hands, and if an effective vagrancy act were passed, compelling the vagabond to earn his living, there would, with the imported coolies from India, be always an abundance of labor.

Given, therefore, sufficient labor and a prodigious fertility of soil, there is no reason whatever why, with English and American energy and enterprise, we should hear in the future any more about "the matter with Jamaica." Meanwhile there are many openings for the investment of capital, and if the misconception as to Jamaica's "bankruptcy" could be corrected, there is no reason why this exquisite island should not become in a very few years the winter home of thousands of Americans and English, a pleasure resort of exceptional popularity, and a perpetual gold-mine to the investors in Jamaica.

A NERVY CORRESPONDENT.

THE readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY who have been following the accounts of the campaign in the Philippines as contributed by our special war correspondents may be interested in this description of the methods adopted by one of them, Mr. John F. Bass, to secure the first and best news for this journal. It is a quotation from a letter written by General Hale, U. S. V., formerly Colonel of the First Colorado Regiment, to Governor Adams of Colorado, giving a summary of the work of the troops of that State in the operations against Manila:

"Several of the correspondents followed the attack quite closely, but the only one, so far as I know, who was actually in the first line of the assault, at least in our brigade, was Mr. Bass of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who was very enterprising and nervy, accompanying us on the first firing-line, and taking snap-shots with his kodak—'on the run,' so to speak. In fact, he became so enthusiastic after we forded the river and were advancing by alternate rushes up the beach, that he, in company with Major Bell of the Information Department, unconsciously got out in front of our firing-line, and I had to order them back."

JOHN F. BASS,
Special Correspondent of "HARPER'S WEEKLY" in the Philippines.

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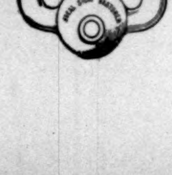

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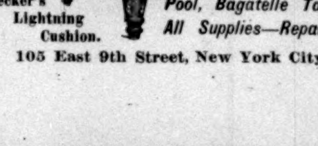

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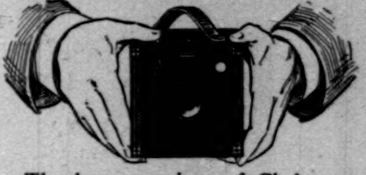

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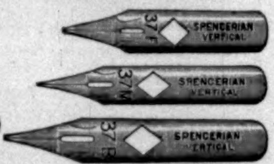

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